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COMMENT OF THE DAY

CONSERVATIVES UNEASY

THE resignation of Mr. Peter Thorneycroft, Chancellor of the Exchequer, and his subordinates, on reflection, confirms the view that the episode is more serious than was first thought.

A speech by Mr. Thorneycroft earlier this week throws fresh light on the reason for his resignation and it has left many Government supporters feeling rather uneasy.

Two of the former Chancellor's disclosures are a blow to the complacency engendered by Mr. Harold Macmillan who shrugged the resignations off lightly as a "little local difficulty" which has now been settled.

Much Higher

MR Thorneycroft pointed out that the figure for Government expenditure for the current year will be much higher than expected once the supplementary estimates are added on.

He also said that in his tussle with the rest of the Cabinet he was not solely aiming his economy axe at the welfare state, but was vainly urging cuts in defence spending.

The Socialist Party, which is passing for a debate on the resignations, was originally in a dilemma as they could not align themselves with Mr. Thorneycroft when they were under the impression that the Chancellor's main aim had been to cut social services spending.

Clarified

NOW that Mr. Thorneycroft has clarified his position that he was opposed to defence spending and supplementary estimates, the Government is in a better position to use this ammunition against the Government.

Mr. Thorneycroft has made it clear that he has no intention of leading a revolt against the Government, but the demonstration of confidence in him by his parliamentary constituents to whom he was speaking is apparently shared by a large number of Conservatives throughout the country.

The Socialists now have enough ammunition to wage their fight in the debate and it will put the Government and the new Chancellor, Mr. Heathcoat Amory, under powerful pressure to show that they intend to be just as severe in the battle against inflation as Mr. Thorneycroft.

ATTEMPT TO BEAT INFLATION

No Change In Government's Tough Policies

Shaldon, Devon, Jan. 17.

Mr. Derick Heathcoat Amory, Chancellor of the Exchequer, declared tonight that the British Government's tough economic policies would continue until inflation was beaten.

The Chancellor, addressing a meeting of local Conservatives, said that "no change" was the order of the day. "There will be no economic appeasement," he said.

Explaining the policies he would pursue at the Exchequer, the Chancellor said that inflation was still the arch enemy. Two aims remained paramount: maintaining the strength of the pound sterling and internal price stability.

NO RELAXATION

"So the tough, drastic deflationary policies that the Government adopted last September will be continued without relaxation until success has been achieved," he said.

The decision to hold total capital expenditure in the public sector would stand and so would the tighter restrictions on lending.

"For the present the right policy must be to keep money tight and to keep it tight," Mr. Heathcoat Amory added.

He said that there was no main sector of national expenditure that would be "sacrosanct" against cuts.

On current wage demands, the Chancellor repeated the warning given by his predecessor, Mr. Peter Thorneycroft, who resigned recently with his chief Treasury aides over proposals governing Government expenditure.

WAGE INCREASES

"In prevailing circumstances another round of wage increases such as we had last year would spell disaster to the prospects of beating inflation," Mr. Heathcoat Amory said.

"So I trust all concerned, if they have, as I am sure they have, our national welfare at heart, will pause and reflect. We have so much to lose and it could be lost easily by ill-considered actions."

Restrictions were necessary now to get resources and spending into balance and so help to ensure stability of prices and strengthen the external position of the pound.

"Once we have consolidated our position," he said, "our long-term future must be based on a policy of expansion—using our rational resources to the full and exploiting to the utmost the wonderful opportunities that technological discoveries are placing at our disposal."

LONG-TERM GOAL

"That is the long-term goal. But I do not wish to be misunderstood. If we try to move towards it too soon we shall in fact postpone its attainment—perhaps for many years."

Discussing the Treasury resignations, Mr. Heathcoat Amory said he "deeply deplored" the circumstances which gave rise to them.

It had been suggested that the Government shied away from certain actions for fear of unpopularity. "That is not so," he added. "I agree in fact with Mr. Thorneycroft that I doubt whether on economic issues at present one can expect to be both popular and right."

The rest of his speech, as he said, was to be a protest against the action to popular action.

IN STEP

"We believed we were in complete step as regards the dominating aims of our policies and our priorities and in our determination that nothing should take precedence over them. Such differences between us arose as a result of us to reflect differences of judgment as to the most effective means of achieving those dominant aims."—*Reuter.*

Third Fire At Atomic Establishment

Harwell, Jan. 17.

Britain's third atom-plant fire in three-and-a-half months broke out yesterday at the atomic energy research establishment here, it was disclosed tonight.

The blaze started in a furnace—specially ventilated for experiments—and spread to a wooden locker before it was controlled.

There was no release of radioactivity—natural uranium is not radio-active—and no one was injured, the Atomic Energy Authority said. The fire was brought under control within a few minutes.—*Reuter.*

Unpopular

London, Jan. 17.

Transport Minister Harold Wilson is one Cabinet Minister whose glad Britain's Conservative Government is getting unpopular.

"Any government today that won't at any popularity would inevitably be doing the wrong things at the wrong time," he said yesterday.—*United Press.*

MINISTERIAL RESHUFFLE COMPLETED

London, Jan. 17.

The Government today announced three more ministerial appointments to complete a reshuffle caused by Mr. Peter Thorneycroft's recent resignation as Chancellor of the Exchequer.

Mr. Thorneycroft and his two chief Treasury aides—Mr. Enoch Powell and Mr. Nigel Birch—resigned two weeks ago in protest against rising Government expenditure.

Commander Robert Alexander Allan, 43, formerly Parliamentary Private Secretary to Mr. Harold Macmillan, the Prime Minister, becomes Parliamentary and Financial Secretary to the Admiralty.

He replaces Mr. Christopher Soames, who was promoted to the post of War Minister in the first batch of changes following the walkout of the three Treasury ministers.

HOME OFFICE

Mr. David Renton, 49, Queen's Counsel, has been appointed joint Parliamentary Under-Secretary at the Home Office.

He replaces Mr. J. E. B. Synge, Queen's Counsel, who became Financial Secretary to the Treasury in the initial switch of posts.

Mr. Renton's previous post of Parliamentary Secretary to the Minister of Power has been filled by Sir "Taff" M. H. Robinson, 67, a Conservative back-bencher.

All three newly-appointed Ministers will receive a salary of £23,350.—*Reuter.*

RN Thanked For Flood Relief

London, Jan. 17.

A Kandyan silver tray made in the shape of the island has been presented to the Royal Navy in recognition of the relief measures it undertook during the recent serious flooding in Ceylon, an Admiralty spokesman said tonight.

It is inscribed: "Presented to the Royal Navy by the Prime Minister on behalf of the Government and people of Ceylon in grateful appreciation of the services rendered during the floods of December, 1957 by the Royal Navy."

The tray was received on behalf of the service by the Senior British Naval Officer, Ceylon (Captain C. C. Sutherland) at a recent reception in Colombo.—*France-Press.*

Secret

London, Jan. 17.

Transport Minister Harold Wilson is one Cabinet Minister whose glad Britain's Conservative Government is getting unpopular.

"Any government today that won't at any popularity would inevitably be doing the wrong things at the wrong time," he said yesterday.—*United Press.*

Khrushchev Makes Secret Trip To Poland

London, Jan. 17.

Radio Moscow revealed tonight Soviet Party Chief Nikita Khrushchev has just visited Poland.

A brief bulletin said Khrushchev had been absent from Moscow in recent days but foreign correspondents there were told only that he was "vacationing."

It was known that Khrushchev had been absent from Moscow in recent days but foreign correspondents there were told only that he was "vacationing."

Tonight's brief Tass news agency announcement offered no specific reason for the secret talks.

The official agency's account said only that "during a solemn ceremony in the area of the Soviet-Polish border on holiday, N. S. Khrushchev received an invitation from Gomulka and Cyrankiewicz to visit the Polish People's Republic."

Cordial And Friendly

"During a three-day stay in the Polish People's Republic," Tass went on, "Comrade N. S. Khrushchev had conversations with leaders of the party and the Government of the Polish People's Republic—cordial and friendly atmosphere."

This was the first clue to Khrushchev's whereabouts for nearly a week.

It followed the familiar pattern of earlier secret trips by Khrushchev to Hungary, Yugoslavia and Poland.—*United Press.*

Mindszenty's Secretary Gets Life

Vienna, Jan. 17.

Monsignor Egon Turesanyi, former Secretary of Jozsef Cardinal Mindszenty, has been sentenced to life imprisonment, Budapest radio confirmed tonight.

Seven other co-defendants—10 seminarians and an army lieutenant—were sentenced to terms ranging from one to 10 years, the radio added.

Turesanyi and the other 17 men were charged before a Hungarian Communist People's Court with looting the files of the State Church office during the brief and bloody revolt of October and November, 1956.

Turesanyi also was additionally charged with attempting to "illegally" flee the country.

The trial opened in Budapest on December 3, Mathias Tih, a judge with a reputation for harsh sentences, directed the case.—*United Press.*

Ernie Thornton Coming To Hongkong

London, Jan. 17.

Mr. Ernest Thornton, Labour Member of Parliament, is to leave on Tuesday on a seven-week fact-finding mission in Asia at the invitation of the International Confederation of Free Trade Unions.

Mr. Thornton, Secretary of the Rochdale Weavers and Winders Association, is to visit Pakistan, India, Hongkong and Japan.

He is to study labour conditions, living standards, trade union organisation and the rate of development of the textile industry in Asia.

His report will be used for discussions at the Asian textile workers conference at Karachi later this year.—*Reuter.*

COLD WAR CRIPPLES NASSAU

Nassau, Jan. 17.

The six-day-old general strike which has idled 1,700 persons here, settled into an economic cold war today between the "Bay Street Boys" and the Bahamas Labour Federation.

There were no negotiations for a peace settlement and no indication that any were planned.

The strike, which started as a dispute between local taxicab drivers and four services over transportation to the newly-inaugurated Windsor international development area, has developed into a full-scale labour fight between the workers' union, whose members are mostly coloured, and the white business owners of Nassau, known as the "Bay Street Boys."

CANCELLED

The strike has crippled the island's economy in the midst of its heavy tourist season.

Seventy-four cruise ships were cancelled yesterday. Airline services have been cut to an absolute minimum and some hotel owners said they had discounted the current season.

They indicated they might remain closed until June, even if the strike ends soon.

The fear of riots among the workers earlier this week had disappeared with the plea for a non-violent boycott by union officials.—*United Press.*

Best Tips For Today's Valley Races

By "Rapior" By "The Turf"

RACE 1 RACE 1

Not So Bad Tell-me-more Orange Beauty Outsider:—Chekupum.

RACE 2 RACE 2

Strathvohr Reyzaz Cover Girl Zezebel Outsider:—Strathvohr.

RACE 3 RACE 3

Amusement Beautiful Lie Diana Outsider:—King A.

RACE 4 RACE 4

Viewpoint Na Pazi Angel's Pearl Distant Sky Outsider:—Distant Sky.

RACE 5 RACE 5

Midget Princess Ellen Vendetta Outsider:—Courier.

RACE 6 RACE 6

Night People Red Light Snow-Dansel Outsider:—Shiraz.

RACE 7 RACE 7

Cirrus Winning Touch Tal Ping Shan Outsider:—Victoria Peak.

RACE 8 RACE 8

Heroine Bengal Lancer Dutch Rocket Outsider:—Scarlott.

RACE 9 RACE 9

Not So Bad Tell-me-more Orange Beauty Outsider:—Chekupum.

RACE 10 RACE 10

Strathvohr Reyzaz Cover Girl Zezebel Outsider:—Strathvohr.

RACE 11 RACE 11

Amusement Beautiful Lie Diana Outsider:—King A.

RACE 12 RACE 12

Viewpoint Na Pazi Angel's Pearl Distant Sky Outsider:—Distant Sky.

RACE 13 RACE 13

Midget Princess Ellen Vendetta Outsider:—Courier.

RACE 14 RACE 14

Night People Red Light Snow-Dansel Outsider:—Shiraz.

RACE 15 RACE 15

Cirrus Winning Touch Tal Ping Shan Outsider:—Victoria Peak.

RACE 16 RACE 16

Heroine Bengal Lancer Dutch Rocket Outsider:—Scarlott.

RACE 17 RACE 17

Not So Bad Tell-me-more Orange Beauty Outsider:—Chekupum.

RACE 18 RACE 18

Strathvohr Reyzaz Cover Girl Zezebel Outsider:—Strathvohr.

RACE 19 RACE 19

Amusement Beautiful Lie Diana Outsider:—King A.

RACE 20 RACE 20

Viewpoint Na Pazi Angel's Pearl Distant Sky Outsider:—Distant Sky.

RACE 21 RACE 21

Midget Princess Ellen Vendetta Outsider:—Courier.

RACE 22 RACE 22

Night People Red Light Snow-Dansel Outsider:—Shiraz.

RACE 23 RACE 23

Cirrus Winning Touch Tal Ping Shan Outsider:—Victoria Peak.

RACE 24 RACE 24

Heroine Bengal Lancer Dutch Rocket Outsider:—Scarlott.

RACE 25 RACE 25

Not So Bad Tell-me-more Orange Beauty Outsider:—Chekupum.

RACE 26 RACE 26

Strathvohr Reyzaz Cover Girl Zezebel Outsider:—Strathvohr.

RACE 27 RACE 27

Amusement Beautiful Lie Diana Outsider:—King A.

RACE 28 RACE 28

Viewpoint Na Pazi Angel's Pearl Distant Sky Outsider:—Distant Sky.

RACE 29 RACE 29

Midget Princess Ellen Vendetta Outsider:—Courier.

RACE 30 RACE 30

Night People Red Light Snow-Dansel Outsider:—Shiraz.

RACE 31 RACE 31

Cirrus Winning Touch Tal Ping Shan Outsider:—Victoria Peak.

RACE 32 RACE 32

Heroine Bengal Lancer Dutch Rocket Outsider:—Scarlott.

RACE 33 RACE 33

Not So Bad Tell-me-more Orange Beauty Outsider:—Chekupum.

RACE 34 RACE 34

Strathvohr Reyzaz Cover Girl Zezebel Outsider:—Strathvohr.

RACE 35 RACE 35

Amusement Beautiful Lie Diana Outsider:—King A.

RACE 36 RACE 36

Viewpoint Na Pazi Angel's Pearl Distant Sky Outsider:—Distant Sky.

RACE 37 RACE 37

Midget Princess Ellen Vendetta Outsider:—Courier.

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CHUCK BERRY

LA VERN BAKER

BROOK BENTON

ALAN FREED

ROCKY GRAZIANO

LOIS O'BRIEN

LIONEL HAMPTON and his Band

FERLIN HUSKY

THE MOONGLOWS

SHAYE COGAN

CLYDE McPHATTER

KING'S PRINCESS

SPECIAL MATINEES TO-MORROW

At 11.00 a.m. Walt Disney-RKO Radio Variety Programme of **TECHNICOLOR CARTOONS**

Admission: \$1.00, \$1.50

At 12.10 p.m. Columbia presents **Glenn Ford • Ernest Borgnine • Rod Steiger** in **"UBAL"**

A CinemaScope and Technicolor Film

Admission: \$1.00, \$1.50

PRINCESS

SPECIAL MATINEES TO-MORROW

At 11.00 a.m. 20th Century-Fox Variety Programme of **"Terrytoons" Technicolor Cartoons**

Admission: \$1.00, \$1.50

At 12.05 p.m. **LIGHT & SHADE** present **A Gripping Thriller with Humour, Rich Music and Fascinating Dances**

Madhubala • Bharat Bhushan — Pradeep Kumar in **"GATEWAY OF INDIA"**

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Produced by S. Benjamin Pitt • Directed by C. Raker Endfield

LEE THEATRE MORNING SHOW TOMORROW

AT 12.00 NOON

LAUREL AND HARDY in

"A HAUNTING WE WILL GO"

Also **TECHNICOLOR CARTOONS**

At Reduced Prices 50 Cts., 70 Cts. & \$1.00

ASTOR THEATRE MORNING SHOW TOMORROW

AT 11.00 A.M.

Walt Disney's **"PETER PAN"** Color by Technicolor

AT 12.30 P.M.

Joan SIMMONS & Guy MADISON in

"HILDA CRANE" Color by Technicolor

At Reduced Prices 70 Cts., \$1.00 & \$1.50

Anthony Fuller's Column

THIS week, I am going to make this a stay-at-home column. I want to discuss our local film business with regard to exhibitors, distributors, and as far as I can, our local producers.

First of all, have a look at the money in it. Did you know it's a millionaire business? No, I am not talking about Hongkong dollars, nor even United States dollars. I am talking about a million pounds sterling!

I am not including the takings on second-run theatres. The figures I give are confined to the ten cinemas that pair off, one on the Island and the other on the Mainland. I am not even including the Astor and the Prince because they do not open up until the year was almost out, although they put a nice bit in the kitty just as the old year said good-bye.

Well, between them, the top ten cinemas operating last year took seventeen and a quarter million dollars among them. Or if it looks better this way, H.K. \$17,250,000.

Your favourite theatre was the Queen's. The Queen's has been your favourite cinema every year since 1953 with the exception of the year 1953 when the Rexy beat them to it. That was the year that saw the introduction of CinemaScope, and if you remember, the Rexy and the Broadway were the first cinemas to have it. The film was "The Robe," and the curved screen put an upward curve in the profits graph.

Mr Jimmy Wu was kind enough to give me these figures, and he has given me permission to say that the Queen's took over \$2,000,000 in the till during 1957. Look at it. The Queen's is only a small theatre comparatively speaking. It takes the average price of a ticket, almost a million people passed into this cinema during 1957.

While on the subject of the Queen's I might as well mention that the old Queen's we know will soon be no more. In a week or two it will be pulled down, and on its site will arise phoenix-like, a new Queen's to live with renewed youth through yet another cycle.

The next cinema, which incidentally, almost touched the two million dollar target was the Rexy, and close behind came the Hoover. So the three top cinemas from the box-office gross were on the Island. That is to be expected as all the affluent people live in Hongkong while the poor people exist on the Mainland.

On top side, that is, in Kowloon, came the Princess, and another week or so would have put them in the two million bracket. At the bottom of the first run cinemas is the Star, but don't let that deceive you. The Star is only a small theatre, even so it grossed over a million and a quarter dollars. It also shared the glory with the Metropole of making top box-office for the year with the year's top film.

★ ★ ★

WHAT film would you choose as the film of the year? What film would you say took the most money? Two entirely



Robert Taylor with Dorothy Malone in "Tip On A Dead Jockey."

different things really. But as we are looking at public choice which means how many paid to see a film, I will now give you the top ten films of the year from the box-office point of view.

- (1) Trapeze.
- (2) War and Peace.
- (3) Affair to Remember.
- (4) Teahouse of the August Moon.
- (5) Giant.
- (6) On the Waterfront.
- (7) Gunfight at the O.K. Corral.
- (8) Between Heaven and Hell.
- (9) Island in the Sun.
- (10) Anastasia.

The money angle? The top film "Trapeze" took almost \$350,000, the tenth film "Anastasia" a mere \$153,000.

Now if you are going to enter the cinema business, you can learn lessons from these figures. I am speaking now from a purely financial point of view, because, to put it quite frankly, I do not agree with these figures at all. But suppose someone left me a cinema, this is what I should try to do. I should choose a film in colour, it would rely on action and wide open spaces, (or a huge background as in "Trapeze") and its plot should not be too complicated.

Nevertheless, Hongkong's taste in picture is changing somewhat. This is due to the fact, I should say, in the almost unbelievable standard that is being obtained in the English language. It is strange to think that school teachers are indirectly helping cinema box-office, but that is what is happening. Gradually there is growing a vast public who can follow the complicated play with words which characterise some of the "best" films. The top four films of 1957 show that we have not yet reached that position, but it is coming. Mr. Chow was good enough to give me the following data concerning United Artists' "Trapeze." It played 29 days running from February 5 to March 6, 1957. Burt Lancaster and Tony Curtis led the cast. It made by Sir Carol Reed. The technicolour treatment was of course quite the ideal form

Hongkong. Bearing that in mind, I will take the plunge.

First of all, we must remember that a film made locally works on a very small budget. The area for distribution has shrunk to Hongkong, Taipei, and a few small areas down the coast.

I should hazard that the great fault with the Chinese film is that it is too often a photographed play with all the traditional mime, which, in my opinion makes bad cinema. When it comes to breaking away from convention, there is too much improvisation. A few years ago at the old studios, I saw a drama in which an Alsatian dog featured in the rescue of some people trapped in the Lianhai. The camera showed that this dog had scraped away a few tons of rock with its hind legs. Recently I saw a film where the director had dubbed into a classic film showing two companions journeying along a road, the old song, "Together." To my Western eyes and ears it was ludicrous. Here were two gentlemen from ancient China strolling along, while the band played, "We stroll the road, together..."

On the other hand, the Chinese technician is second to none. Even locally the number-one camera-man is as good, if not better, than the average man from Hollywood or Pinewood. The set builders who have to make and scrape are superb artists, and what they can do with a pot of paint and a bit of plywood is almost beyond belief.

If our local film people are going to do anything at all, they must venture into the international market. They can do it. It would pay them to have someone about to advise, and to avoid the more ridiculous incidents that occur as they cross the Oriental-Occidental line.

Another thing we will have to watch is the outside unit arriving with a few dollars to exploit the free scenery and the cheap facilities obtainable here for film making. I do not wish to enlarge upon this at the moment, but "the labourer is worthy of his hire," is I believe, both good scripture and sound economics.

NEW FILMS AT A GLANCE

SHOWING

KING'S & PRINCESS: "Mister Rock and Roll." Alan Freed, Rocky Graziano, Teddy Randazzo, Lois O'Brien, and Lionel Hampton and his Band. In a free for all.

QUEEN'S & ALHAMBRA: "The Crimson Pirate." Burt Lancaster in a Technicolor frolic on land and sea.

LEE & ASTOR: "Hell Drivers." A VistaVision production of hell and terror on the British highways. Stanley Baker, Peggy Cummins, Herbert Lom, and Patrick McGeehan.

COMING

KING'S & PRINCESS: "The Tall T." Randolph Scott in an action-packed Technicolor Western, along with Richard Boone and Maureen O'Sullivan.

QUEEN'S & ALHAMBRA: "The True Glory." An on the spot record from D-Day to V-E Day, showing that the true glory lies with the man who did the job.

LEE & ASTOR: "Bombers B-52." A full-scale American Air Force drama. Earl Malden, Efrem Zimbalist, and Natalie Wood.

ROXY & BROADWAY: "Lucky Jim." The film that got the Edinburgh Film Festival off to a hilarious start. Taken from the Kinship Amis novel of a red-brick university, with Ian Carmichael as Jim.

HOOPER & LIBERTY: "Monkey On My Back." The story of Barney Ross, boxer, US Marine, and dope-addict, with Cameron Mitchell as Barney Ross.

STAR & METROPOLE: United Artists present Richard Widmark, Richard Todd, Anton Walbrook, John Gielgud, Jean Seberg, in George Bernard Shaw's "Saint Joan."

ROXY & BROADWAY

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AT 2.30, 5.30, 7.30 & 9.30 P.M.

THE MEN... THE CHASE... THE DUEL... THAT TORE THE OCEAN APART!

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ROXY & BROADWAY: 5 Shows To-morrow, Extra Performance of "THE ENEMY BELOW"

ROXY: At 12.00 Noon || **BROADWAY:** At 12.30 p.m.

BROADWAY: To-morrow Special Morning Show At 11.00 a.m. Walt Disney's **TECHNICOLOR CARTOONS**

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5 SHOWS TO-MORROW

EXTRA PERFORMANCE OF

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AT 11.00 A.M.

JACK PALANCE in

"ATTACK"

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HOOPER at 12.00 noon Bud Abbott Lou Costello in "DANCE WITH ME HENRY"

LIBERTY at 12.30 p.m. Humphrey Bogart Dan Duryea in "SAHARA"

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At 1.30, 5.00 & 8.30 p.m. || At 2.00, 5.30 & 9.00 p.m.

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RITZ To-morrow Special Show At 11.30 a.m. "SANTIAGO"

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A FOUR DAY LEAVE... WITH FOUR MONTHS' PAY... with two of the most beautiful women in the world!

CARY GRANT

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THE BRIDE AND THE GROOM

SPECIAL MORNING SHOW TO-MORROW AT 12.30

"QUENTIN DUREWARD" "VIVA CAUX"

Interesting News Stories From All Parts Of The World

The TALLER The Tale The Better The Chance

Burlington, Wis. A TALL tale about a mighty long farm field in South Dakota, won the Burlington Liar's Club award for 1957.

The field was so long that the farmer went out last spring with a tractor, plow and a drill and when he got to the other end of the field he traded in the equipment for a combine and harvested on the way back.

Not only that, but he was gone so long his wife drew three widow's pensions, thinking he had been ploughed under.

Harry Derogan of Mission, S.D., was named the winner by O.C. Hulet, who founded the Liar's Club here in 1929 and has been President since.

Honorable mention went to "Hickory Bill" Simmons of Madisonville, Ky., for his lie that "last summer it got so

hot down here that the lizards crawled into the fire to get in the shade of the skillet."

Ray Burmester of Kewanee, Wis., received honorable mention for his tale about a Texan, who was being cremated. After 18 hours, when they opened the furnace door, he walked the Texan. "By," he said, "if we got two more days of this hot weather, I'll sure ruin the cotton crops."

Hulet said there were a number of other standouts among the 1,000 to 1,200 lies submitted this year.

There was the one about the drought in Oklahoma that got so bad that for six months they shipped out crude oil in gunny sacks. Another about a farmer who added a pail of water to his milk from a creek and got a frog in the milk by accident. The frog thrashed around so much trying to get out that when the farmer arrived at the dairy and looked in the pail, the frog was sitting on three pounds of butter.

Fisherman

Hulet also liked one about a scientific fisherman, who caught such large fish he had to rig up a special outfit. He attached his line to a large balloon that inflated when a fish bit and jerked it out of the water and high into the air. When the rig got over land, he shot the balloon down with a shotgun.

A lie from "Shorty" in Nephi, Utah, complained that it was

so cold in the Antarctic they had to use two thermometers to keep track of the temperature. Another from a Texan told of a man hunting in a dense fog, who heard a sound like geese and fired into the air. Down fell half a dozen 100-pound cattails, including the leader with a feghorn in its mouth to direct the others.

Hulet, who says his club was founded in a lie that such a club existed now, has sent out about 90,000 membership cards to fellow liars around the world. The main membership

By GEORGE AMOUR

requirement is submission of a lie for the contest, so Hulet has read quite a few lies in his time. He says the submission of a lie is necessary because "we don't want any honest people sneaking into the club under false pretenses."

Hulet's all-time favorite is an offbeat item about two duck hunters, who had exactly 100 ducks land near their decoys. They loosed a steady fire from their pump guns, according to one of the hunters, and bagged 99 of the 100.

"Why not say you bagged all 100 and make it a good story," asked a skeptic. "You think I'd tell a lie just for one lousy duck," came the reply.—United Press.

JAMES DEAN —THE REBEL WITH A CAUSE

London. JAMES DEAN lives. The rebel WITH a cause lives in an ordinary house in an ordinary street at Catford, an ordinary suburb of South-East London.

He was an ordinary man living an ordinary life as plain Douglas Gordon Goodall.

Then came an extraordinary change. Mr Goodall went to the cinema.

He saw James Dean in "East of Eden." He went again to see "Rebel Without a Cause."

He saw it 400 times. Now, by dead poll, Mr Goodall has changed his name to James Dean. He has left his job as a Post Office van-driver to take up car racing, like the James Dean, who was killed in a car crash two years ago.

DEDICATED

He hopes to be received into the Roman Catholic Church, to which his dead namesake belonged.

"I'm going to America to adopt his parents," he said.

The James Dean of Catford is 34, nine years older than the original.

"I have dedicated myself to achieving what he did not live to do," he said. "He wanted to found a home for juvenile delinquents. I shall devote my life to raising money for this."

"I am no hero-worshipper. I am a perfectly sane being. My wife and friends thought I was crazy. She has told me that I am growing apart from her."

"But I have a new mission. I must go to see where he was born and where he was killed."

I don't care if I kill myself the way he did if that is to be my fate."

DESTINY

The new James Dean wore a St Christopher medal which belonged to the actor and a coat copied from the one Dean wore in Rebel Without a Cause.

"My destiny," he said, "is no longer my own. I like all the things he liked. Of course, I have lost a lot of friends." His wife Edith, who retains her married name of Mrs Goodall, said: "It felt strange at first, but I am only his wife and who am I to judge?"

Cow Falls On Worker

Lugo. Thirty-year-old Victor Alvarez was killed here by a cow that fell on him.

Alvarez, a labourer, was digging at the bottom of a 15-foot well pit, when the cow, being led to pasture, tumbled down the narrow hole.

It landed on Alvarez, and eye-witness said, apparently injured him seriously. Before help could be summoned, the cow had killed Alvarez with sharp, short stabs of its horns.—United Press.

Card Sharks Now Cheat With Contact Lenses

By ALFRED LEECH

Chicago. Don't play cards with a red-eyed stranger. He may be wearing special contact lenses that enable him to cheat.

Dr George N. Jensen, Chairman of the Second National Contact Lens Congress, exposed this latest tactic of the professional card shark.

Anyone wearing the special contact lenses can read the cards from the back when they are marked with an invisible ink, Jensen said.

Infra-Red

He demonstrated with a pack of cards and a pair of lenses. Without the lenses you couldn't tell one card from another. But with them, you can read them from the back with ease.

The principle is similar to that of infra-red devices used for secret signalling by the armed forces.

Actually, Jensen said, the technique is a modern refinement of older methods in which the crooked card dealer wore a suspicious-looking eyeglass or coloured glasses.

When worn by a brown-eyed person, the contact lenses can hardly be detected.

But Jensen said all contacts move slightly on the surface of the eyeball. So if you notice a red rim around the dealer's pupil, call for a new deck or cash in your chips.

Jensen, head of the Plastic Contact Lens Co., said some red lenses have been made up for legitimate purposes, but "reports are that a few pairs are being used by some shady characters."

More Vain

Jensen said contact lenses now are worn by about 3,000,000 Americans, compared with 200,000 users 10 years ago.

He said 97 per cent of the wearers are women, most of whom switch from spectacles to contacts "for the sake of appearance."—United Press.

A 15-DAY DIET COURSE FOR 'FATSOS'

Washington. For the first time in history the office of the United States Quartermaster General has worked out a stenderizing diet for the "fatsos" in the Army. Issued as Supply Bulletin 10-250 it is a 15-day course for men who, maybe, eat too much.

But the Bulletin does not put it so crudely. It says: "...it is applicable for use for personnel who have consistently put on weight due to the consumption of a ration of

higher caloric value than required by their physical activity."

It allows a diet of 2,500 calories a day, including such non-appetizers as sugarless sugar, "zero salad dressing" lemon-ye and skim milk. However, the 15 days will not be just one long quivering feeling, of hunger. First breakfast menu is banana, scrambled eggs, skim milk, bread, butter, tea or coffee. Other meals include ham, Irish stew, roast turkey, chicken, beef steaks, pork chops and

sausages. The "zero salad dressing" consists of one onion, one and a half carrots, a green pepper, half a bunch of parsley, three pints of vinegar, seven tins of tomato sauce and a chemical sweetener. All nicely ground and mixed this makes eight to 10 quarts.

The "fatsos" are to eat at special training tables, presumably so that they will not be tempted by the other men's plates, and should be "indoctrinated" and "motivated" says the bulletin. It suggests

"proper indoctrination and instruction on good eating habits," and "motivating the individual by convincing him that he will both feel and look better if he eats a diet more in keeping with his energy requirements."

There will probably be a heavy demand for Supply Bulletin 10-250, not, perhaps, by the bulky he-men of the Army, but by those anxious ladders who are always seeking an elastic for "elemental stimulus." "Zero salad dressing" sounds just the type.

Breaking An Egg Is Really An Art

London. A survey of the gentle art of breaking eggs released recently showed that it is not a job to be sniffed at. "The position of the trained egg breaker in industry is more to be envied than pitied," the Manchester Guardian said in a front page article.

It revealed that there are now 20 factories in Britain devoted entirely to breaking eggs.

Girls Best

Girls are best at breaking eggs.

"Unless a machine can be developed with a sense of smell and a feeling for fear automation," the report said. "Egg-breaking machines have been constructed but none can tell whether an egg is musty." At the height of the season, it said, about 10,000,000 eggs are broken commercially each week in Britain.

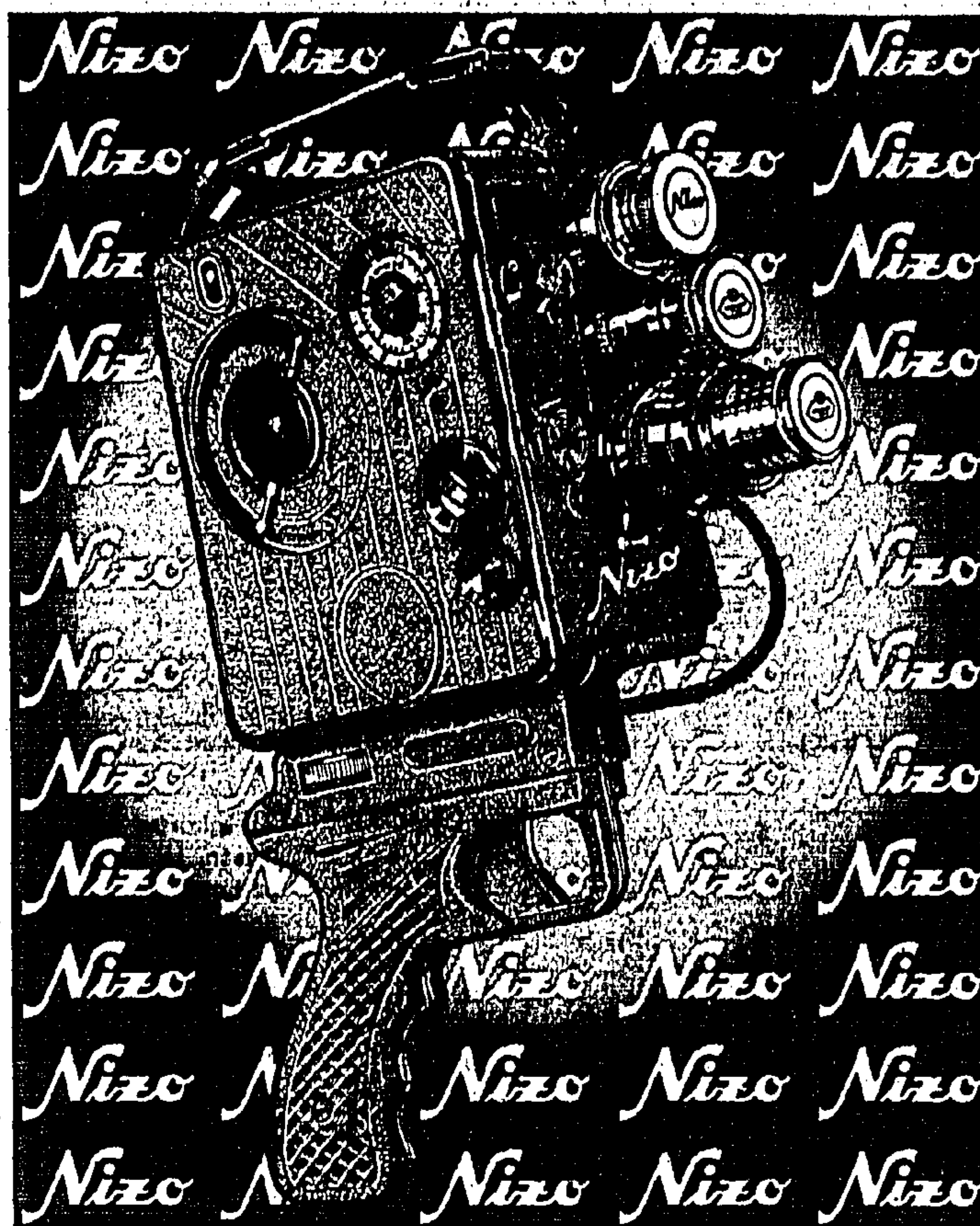
A Surplus

When there is a surplus of eggs, egg-breaking factories buy them at cheap prices, break, strain and emulsify them and put them in the deep freezer.

The Manchester Guardian reported that egg breakers earn between 25 10s and 26 a week.

They are chosen for their sense of smell.

"But as this is a sense which dulls quickly," the report said, "she relies for much of her detective work on her knowledge of the appearance of the various forms of bad egg... she places the egg on a stainless-steel tray, breaks it open with one stroke of a sharp instrument, smells it and decides for the next egg. The breaking of 6,240 eggs a day is considered to be a fairly good average," the newspaper said.—United Press.



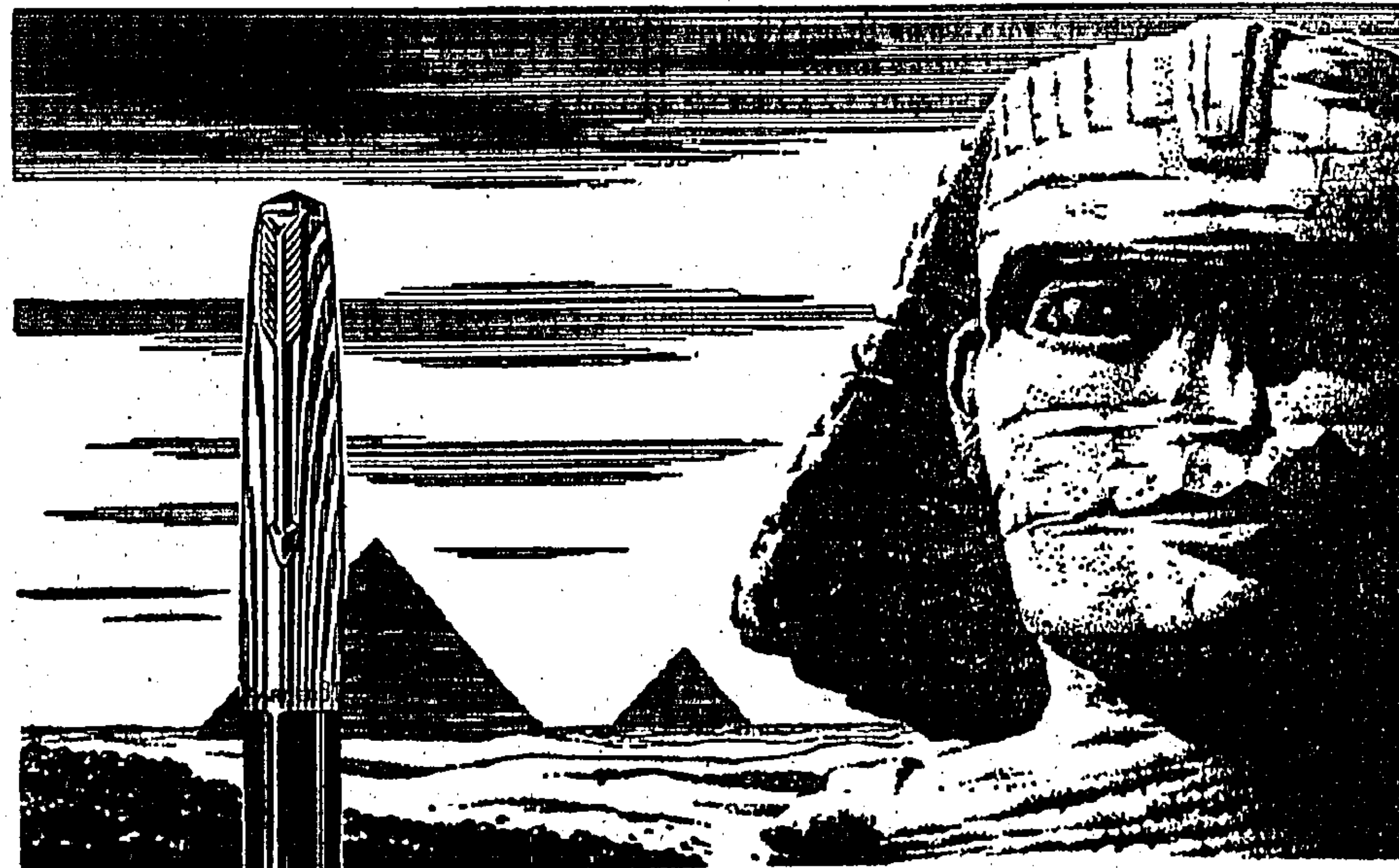
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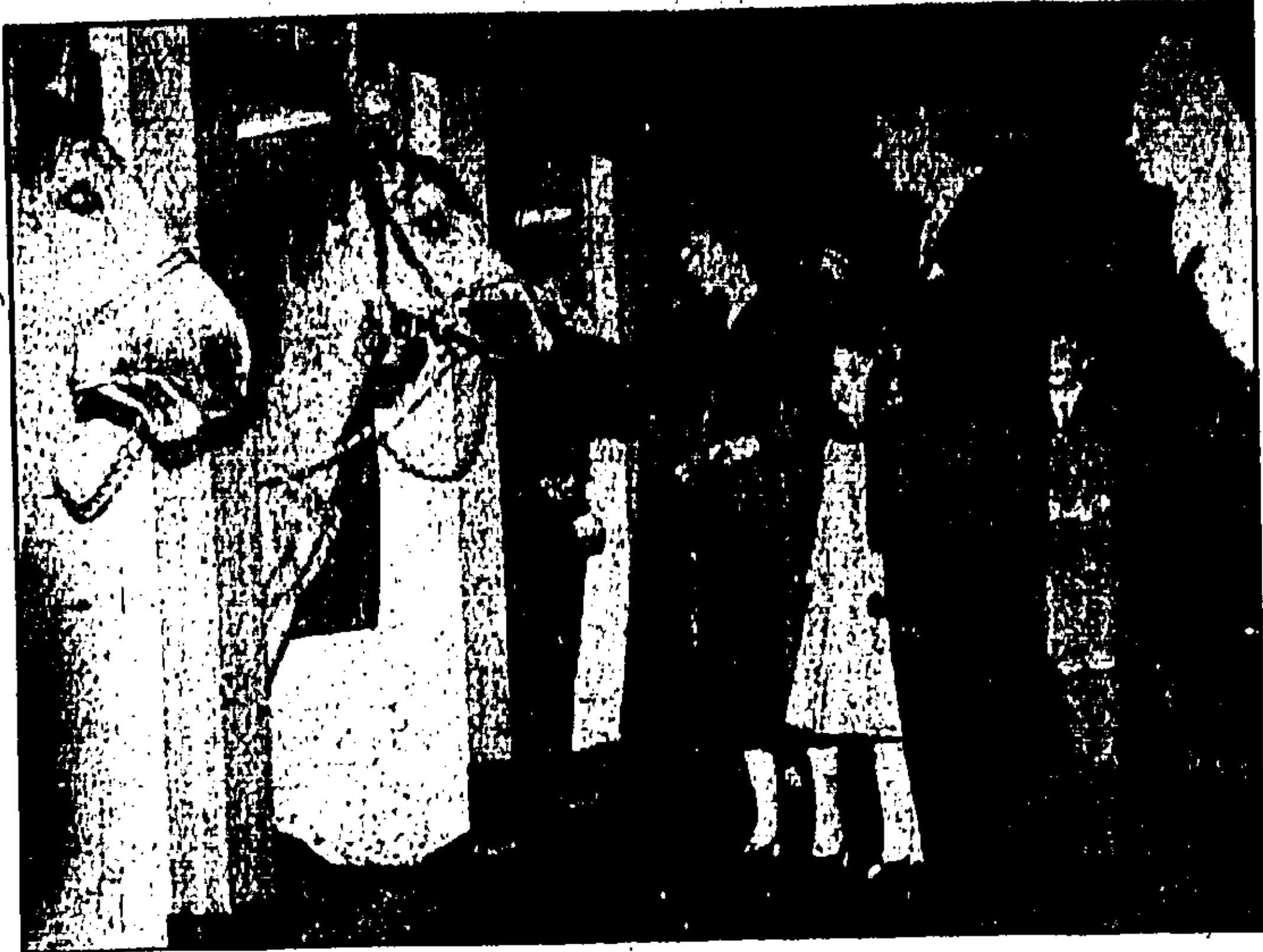
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HOMESIDE PICTORIAL



A giraffe licked the Queen, in a vain attempt perhaps to equal the horse in her affections, but as usual it was the horses at Bertram Mills circus that drew her first and kept her longest—during a tour of the menagerie when the Royal Family went on the traditional children's outing in London at Christmas.

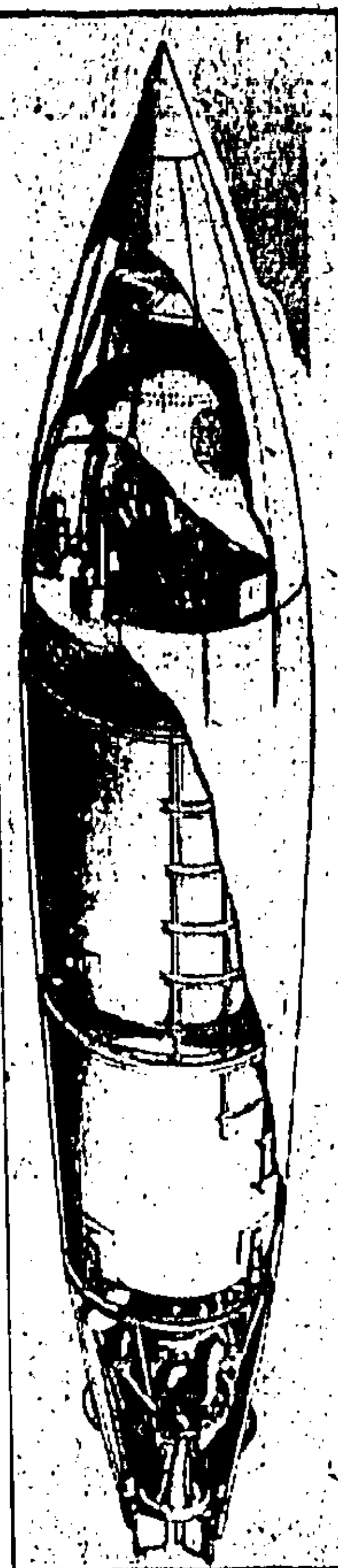
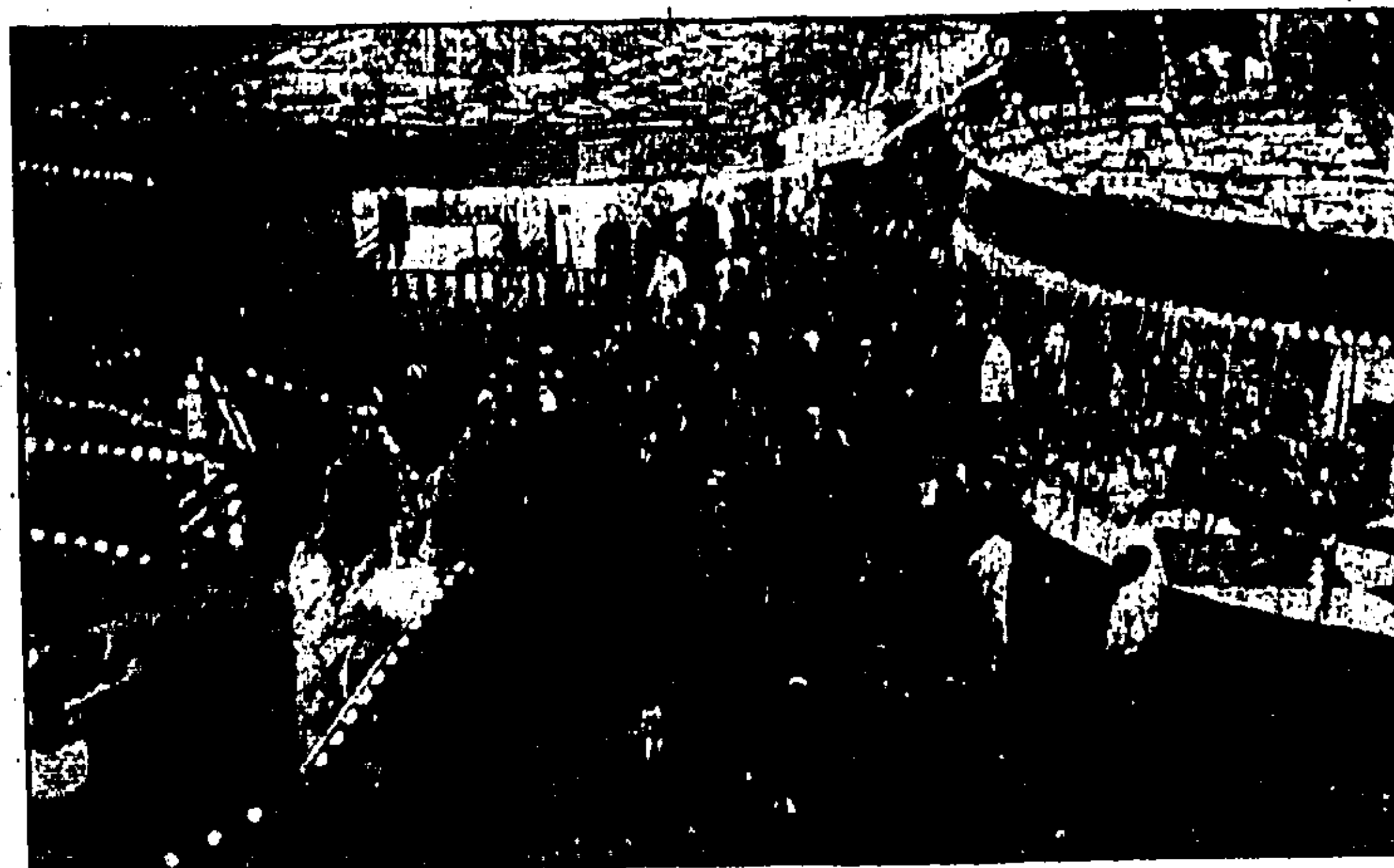
BELOW: Sightseers make way for the Royal party as they tour the Bertram Mills funfair.

EXPRESS



Mr Peter Thorneycroft has resigned as Chancellor of the Exchequer. He leaves the Government after a row over cutting down Government spending next year. He is seen here with his Italian-born wife.

BELOW: Before leaving London on his Commonwealth tour, the Prime Minister, Mr Harold Macmillan, spent the weekend shooting on his Sussex estate. The picture shows him (centre), wearing spats to protect him from the mud, out with the guns.



LEFT: Rumours that Russia has launched a man-carrying rocket recall a British plan, rejected by the Supply Ministry in 1947, to send a modified piloted V2 190 miles above the earth.



LEFT: The modern city banker... Sir Frederick Hoare, arrives at his City offices from Hampstead.

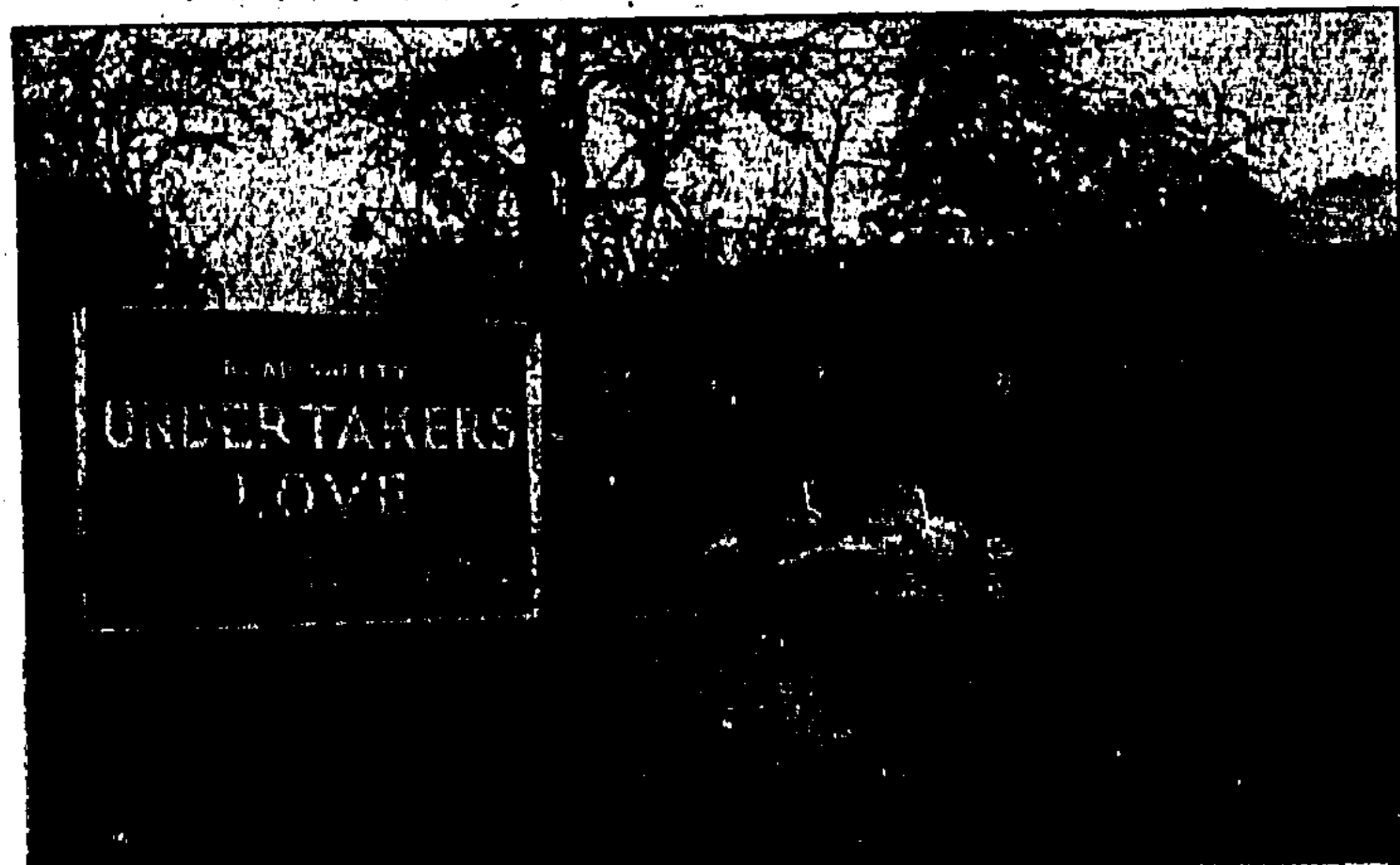
BELOW: Britain's fastest typist, Thelma Chambers does 118 words a minute but at a price—blunted fingernails. She says: "It's just like being a concert pianist. Glamorous nails and speed typing just don't go together."



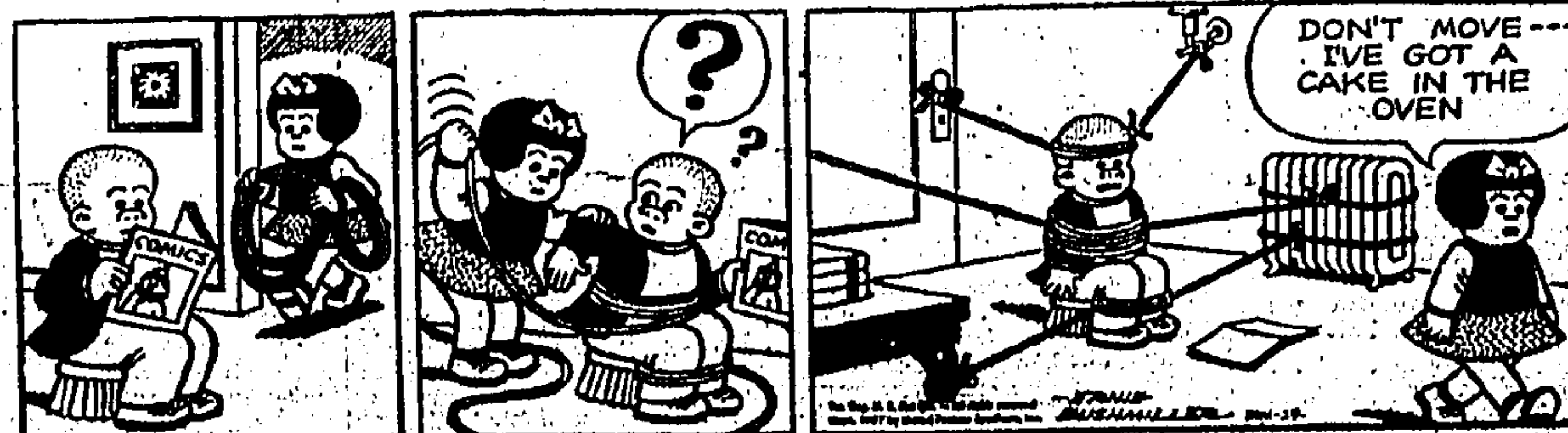
BELOW: Waving farewell to the PM: (from left) Mr Edward Heath, Govt. chief whip; Viscount Kilmuir; Mr Lennox-Boyd; Mr Butler, and Lord Hallisham.



ABOVE: Three sets of quads met at Paddington for a joint party to the circus. They are the Coles sisters (7), the Good sisters (9), and Taylor quads (9).
LEFT: A road sign for over-eager motorists—no comment.
RIGHT: In their new film, Ingrid and Cary go on dancing in the ball scene even when the cameras have stopped.



NANCY



BLACK MAGIC





"For the sake of your audience we'll have a little less 'Too-hoo-hee.'"

GIANTS OF SPORT

No 1

BILL TILDEN

—the terrific



LAWN tennis ... a game of many moods ... a game of many games, if you like.

It can be the perfect antidote on a blistering hot summer's day, with its flowing artistry, stroke matching stroke, volley countering volley, ace service cancelling out ace service.

Or it can be a hit and run game. Power, power, and more power, designed to smash the opponent off court, the quintessence of the 'kill or be killed' mentality of modern sport.

Tennis, again, can mean the sheer joy of playing, or the delight in watching others play. It can mean healthy relaxation after a busy week at the office.

The world of lawn tennis has seen them all. The stroke-players, the power boys — and the rabbits.

In recent years it has produced the skillfully executed all-court game of Ken Rosewall, and the 'Big Bang' of poker-faced Lew Hoad. But unless you want sheer comedy, and are therefore a Freddie Huber fan, there has never been anyone to match the fantastic Bill Tilden.

Back in the 'twenties, Tilden reigned supreme. They called him 'Big Bill', or 'Tilden the Terrible'. He was the first American to win the Wimbledon singles title — in 1920 — a title he held ten years later. He was a regular member of the United States Davis Cup squad, champion of America for six successive years, from 1920.

Tilden the Terrible. That is how his opponents described him. Yet how can you call a man terrible when he looks at his opponent with an engaging smile after a terrific shot, and then laughingly ejaculates "Peech!" when he is paid back in kind.

Tilden might have seemed terrible to some. He was so very good, it was disheartening to play against him. But he was no 'killer'.

Some people play tennis as if their life depended on it. With them, it is just a grim struggle for existence. Tilden played for the pure joy the game afforded him. And it was the joy of an artist as well as the joy of a fighter.

Then again, some players specialise in a particular kind of stroke, a certain method of serving. Tilden could serve the ball or take it off the ground in four or five different ways. He could make the same number of volleys — all different.

He picked the right kind of shot to suit the situation, as an expert golfer chooses the right club for the particular job in hand. Most of his shots were cannon balls, but every now and again he would allow himself the luxury of an extra hard 'biff'. If it came off it was utterly unreturnable.

When a game, set or match had reached the crucial stage, he was not one to play extra cautiously. He would carry on playing his normal game.

Tilden was tall, lithe, active, almost the perfect athlete.

He was on his toes all the time on court. It took a long time to exhaust his amazing reserve of energy. Reporters had to invent a new vocabulary to describe Tilden's play: "cannon-ball service," "sizzling drives," "volcano volleys," all terms in current use nowadays, especially when boys like Pancho Gonzales are around. But they were all coined as a tribute to the great Bill Tilden.

A SCRATCH

HAD the word 'atomic' been in circulation in those days, it would have been seized on by journalists to describe Tilden's play.

Tilden was a player of tremendous personality and push. He was a showman. He displayed his own inimitable brand of showmanship in what has often been described as the greatest match ever played on Wimbledon's Centre Court. It was in 1927. Tilden was drawn against Henri Cochet of France in the men's singles semi-final.

Three questions were posed. Was the period of French domination in lawn tennis drawing to a close? Would Tilden make a successful comeback — he had been out of the game for six months? And could even 'Big Bill' overcome the tremendous handicap of playing minus one finger — his middle finger — on his right hand? Tilden had had the finger amputated when it became infected following a scratch.

The first question appeared to have been answered late in the third set. Tilden had won the first two, and gained an overwhelming lead in the third.

Five one he led, and he was at match point.

Tilden lost that point, and another and yet another. Unbelievably he lost the set, and another set, and Cochet was level at two sets all.

Tilden and Cochet were both exhausted. But the Frenchman, younger by several years, had that extra ounce of energy that made all the difference, and he finished off his remarkable recovery by winning the final set at 6-3 and with it the match.

Tilden lay, sprawled on the grass at the net having run there in a fruitless attempt to return a cross court drive, the shot that won the match. And the match ended with roars of laughter from the tightly-packed crowd. Before rising to shake hands, Tilden sat up close to the net and performed a silent "harp" solo on it.

Never before, and never since, has there been such a change from breathless suspense to hilarious comedy on the Centre Court.

LIMELIGHT

AT other times Tilden would fiercely dispute the umpire's decisions. But not always on his own behalf. If he felt his opponent should have won a particular point that had been awarded to him, Tilden never hesitated to speak his mind on the subject.

Tilden gave up the amateur game in 1930, at the age of 37, and after his second Wimbledon triumph. He signed a contract to appear in motion pictures, put on a badminton act at the London Palladium, and joined a tennis 'circus'.

Tilden's trophies were insured for £2,000, and it was estimated that he earned £10,000 a year in his first six years as a professional.

But that figure was not altogether surprising when you consider Tilden's fame and reputation as an amateur; a player of such standing that he was regarded as tennis champion of the world from 1920 to 1925; of such repute that he played once with King George VI, then the Duke of York, at Buckingham Palace, and, often, with King Gustav of Sweden, who was known to him as 'Mr C'.

And Tilden was the first Wimbledon champion to turn to the professional game, and it paid him handsomely.

But he spent money almost as quickly as he earned it, so that when he died on June 5, 1953, at 60, he left less than £2,000.

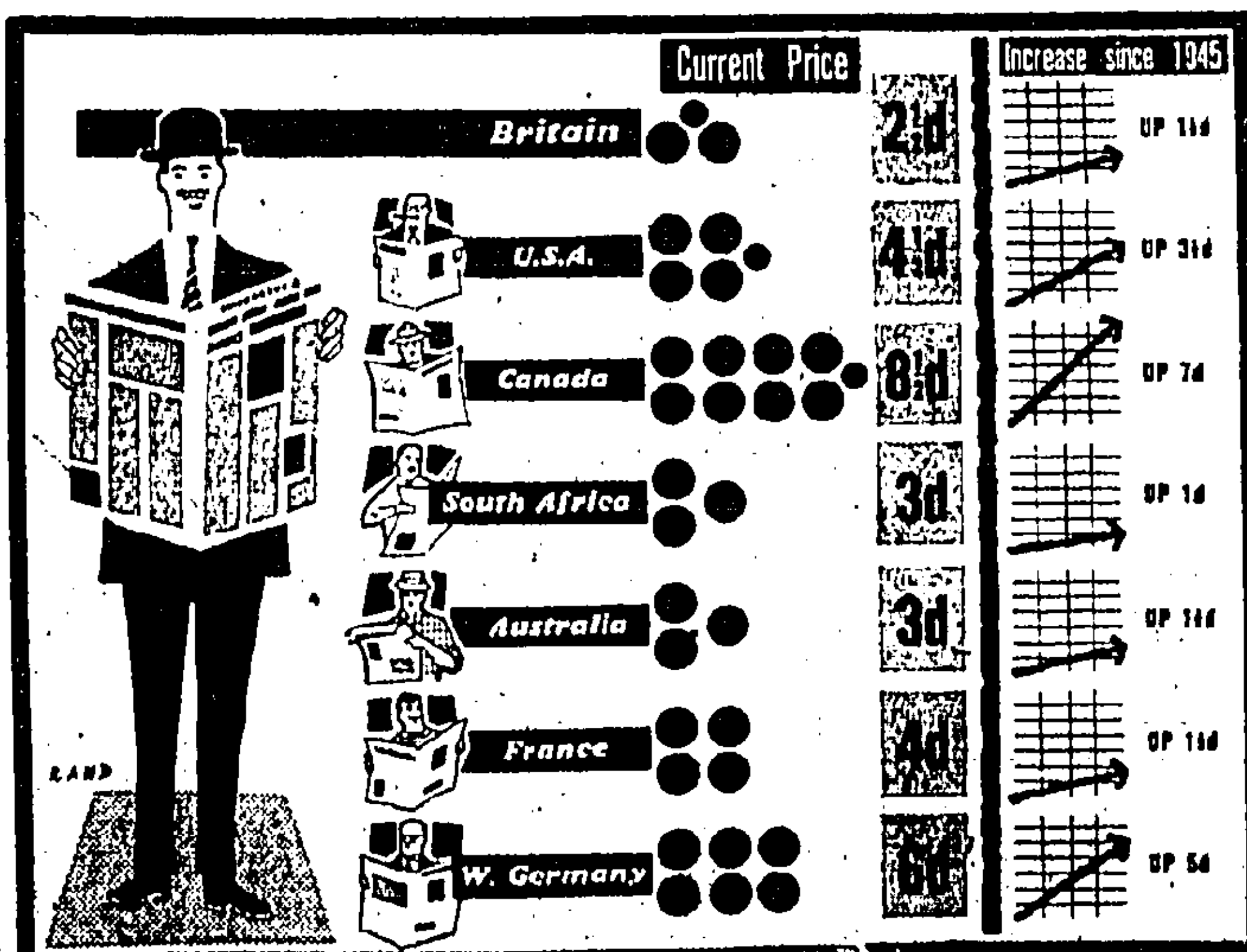
He died alone in his Hollywood flat of a heart attack. He had planned to leave Hollywood the following day to take part in a tournament — he was still playing tennis at 60! — in Cleveland, Ohio.

Tilden loved the limelight, loved dramatizing himself. His ambition was to be an actor.

After matches he would write so scathingly of his opponents that row after row resulted, and this led to the adoption, in 1928, of the rule that players must not report tournaments in which they took part.

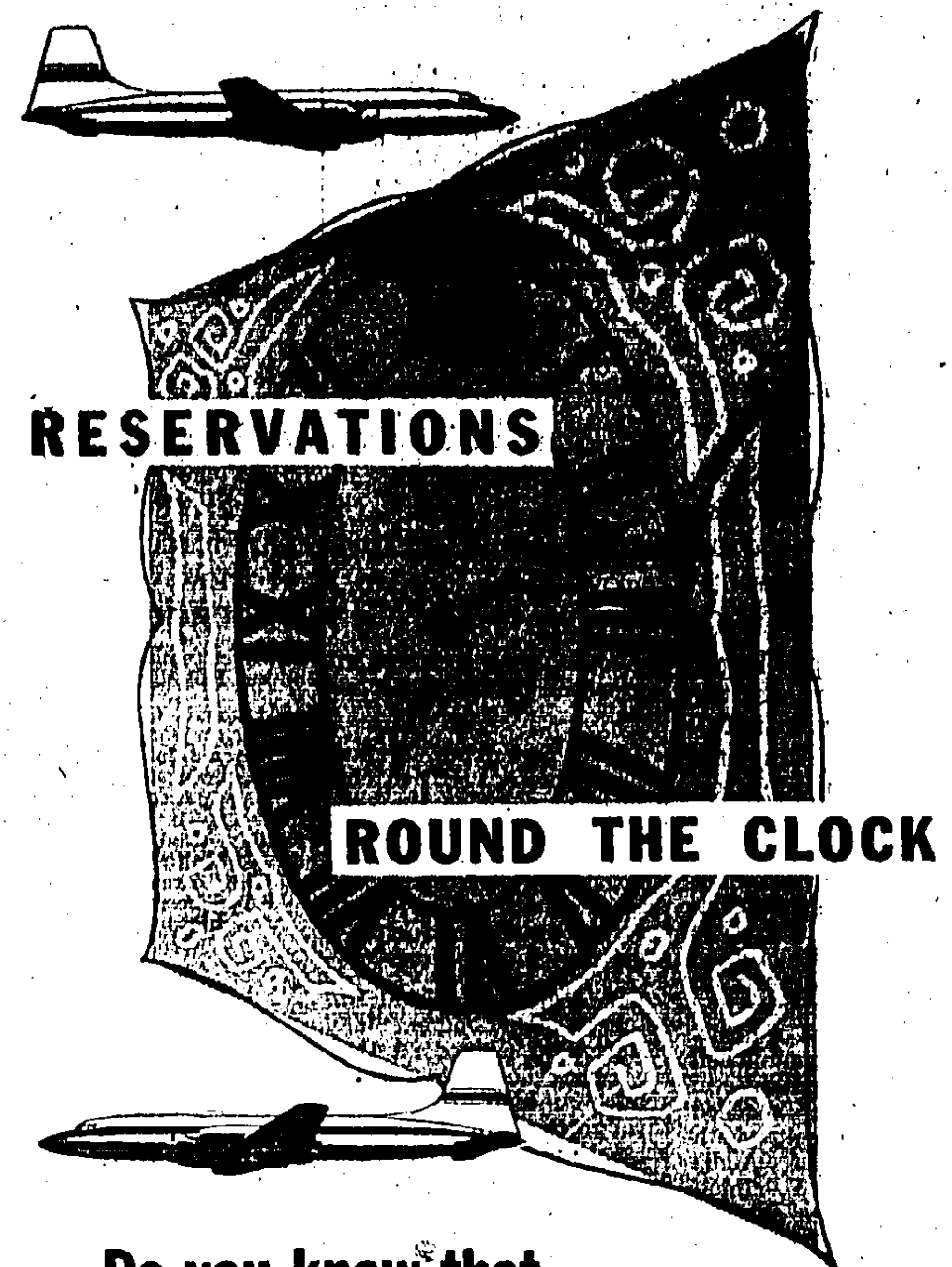
But Tilden will not be remembered only for the controversial side of his character. He will be remembered for his superb tennis games, the like of which have rarely been seen since.

Another world-famous newspaper doubles its price—to 8½d.



The influential Washington Post, last month by Canada's three biggest dailies, doubled its price from 5 to 10 cents (8½d.). And other leading American dailies may follow suit soon. This follows similar price increases with those of Britain's national dailies.

This graph by Michael Rand shows how current newspaper prices in the leading nations of the world compare with those of Britain's national dailies.



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by Major-General
**SIR JOHN
KENNEDY**

Director of Military Operations
1940-42, Assistant Chief of
Imperial General Staff (Operations
and Intelligence) 1942-43.

THE first troops were due to disembark in Greece in the first week of April, 1941 and they began to land in accordance with the schedule. The effect of the Greek commitment had by this time begun to be felt in Libya. Our forces there had been so weakened, to provide for Greece, that they were unable to maintain their positions in face of German attacks.

As our troops began to arrive in Greece the Desert Army was in full retreat from Benghazi to the Egyptian frontier.

The period from December 1940 to March 1941 had marked the height of Wavell's greatness as a commander in the field. The destruction of the Italian Army in the desert in December and January had been a brilliant feat of arms. Scarcely less remarkable had been the campaign in Abyssinia, which reached its culminating point with the occupation of Addis Ababa on April 5, simultaneously with the opening of the operations in Greece.

But Greece, in my opinion, can hardly be regarded otherwise than as an error of military judgment. It was the first of the series of major mistakes that finally led to Wavell's removal from his command.

It can, of course, be argued that we gained a great moral advantage in the eyes of America and of the world when we went to the rescue of the Greeks. It is arguable, too, that it would have been wise policy to send our forces to Greece even on a forlorn hope against military advice. But these were not the grounds on which the enterprise went forward.

The military opinion tendered to the Cabinet by the Chiefs of Staff and by Wavell was proved wrong in every respect. Nor is there any time widely held, that our intervention delayed the German attack on Russia, and helped to save the Red Army by shortening what

remained of the campaigning season before winter set in.

It is clear from German documents that Hitler confirmed June 22 as the date for the offensive as early as April 30, and that our operations in Greece caused no postponement. The most that can be claimed is that some forces were diverted.

On April 10 Eden and Dill returned to London. The situation in Greece on that day was that the German armies had advanced through the southern end of Yugoslavia, and they had also occupied Salonika.

In Egypt the Germans had driven forward to Tobruk, where the 9th Australian Division was concentrated. Wavell had lost his Armoured Brigade and most of his Motor Brigade. Generals Neame, O'Connor and Gambier-Parry and three brigadiers had been taken prisoner. Practically all of Wavell's tanks, except for a few at Tobruk and those with the Armoured Brigade in Greece, were in workshops for repair and out of action.

This was not a pretty picture.

Very tired

I SAW Dill when he arrived in the War Office in the afternoon.

He was very tired and said he had not slept for three nights. I told him how operations were developing. He said, "I am frightfully anxious about Egypt. It is a desperate situation." I said I did not agree; the German effort in the desert seemed to be expended for the moment; Wavell had plenty of room to manoeuvre, with four or five hundred miles of desert behind him, and he had everything to gain by drawing Rommel on. Our talk was interrupted by a

message from the Prime Minister asking Dill to go and see him.

At about 6.30 p.m. Dill returned to War Office, and came to see me in my room. He asked me again what I thought of the situation, and repeated, "I think it is desperate—I am terribly tired." He spoke of the difficulties in Greece, and said he feared that a bad mistake had been made. I tried to console him by saying that, even if things went wrong, it would only be an incident—we must regard this as a defensive phase, and hang on until we were stronger, when things would be in our favour.

Invasion

ON April 12, Dill was summoned to Chequers for the night, and, after luncheon, I spent a couple of hours with him, discussing points which might be raised by the Prime Minister. He was still very tired. Churchill had expressed a wish to send more tanks to Wavell, but we had advised that no more tanks should leave the United Kingdom for the moment. He had brushed this advice aside and Dill intended to return to the charge.

It seems odd now that we were still regarding a German invasion of England as possible. Our view at that time was that it was a real, although diminishing, danger. It must be remembered that the Germans had not yet attacked Russia; comparatively few of their troops were engaged in active operations, and they had some 200 divisions available for new enterprises.

Sir Alan Brooke, Commander-in-Chief of the Home Forces, stoutly resisted any further depletion of his command. Some of his Divisions on the coast were holding a front of over 40 miles apiece, and a fairly strong tank reserve was essential for counter-attack. Brooke had said to me that he hoped we would not "raid his orchard" any more to reinforce the Middle East. Churchill, in the meantime, was constantly urging the despatch of more tanks to Wavell.

We know now that he was right. But the argument between him and the General Staff proved, in the end, to have been largely academic, because

the number of tanks we could despatch was limited anyway by shortage of shipping.

At this time it seemed quite possible that the war might be lost in Whitehall. The Chiefs of Staff were being over-driven, and they were having to compete for the Prime Minister's attention with a group of private "soothsayers."

On April 17 Dill told me that he had been dining with Mr. Menzies, the Prime Minister of Australia, and that Menzies was worried over the situation of two of the three Australian divisions in the Middle East—the one shut up in Tobruk, the other in Greece. He had told Dill that he would hardly dare go home, and that he might as well go for a trip to the North Pole.

Dill said to me that he, too, was anxious about the Middle East, and particularly because so many Dominion troops were involved. He felt he had made a mistake, when he was in Egypt, in not realising the full extent of the danger. In the Western Desert, there is no doubt now that Wavell's Intelligence had underestimated this danger, too.

I had met Menzies on April 10, when he came to the War Office to get information about our future plans. He seemed to me to be an exceptionally

★ THE BUSINESS OF WAR ★

THE GENERALS SAY 'NO' TO CHURCHILL

—WHEN HE ASKS FOR
100 TANKS FOR EGYPT



Drawing by
WHITEAR

My suggestion was received in dead silence...

shrewd and able man, with a caustic wit. He told us a story about Wavell and his proverbial silences. He had dined with him in Cairo on his way home, and had asked him what he thought of possibilities in the desert. "That is a complicated matter," Wavell had replied, and said Menzies, "I sat back expecting to hear an interesting exposition—but, after 10 minutes' silence, I realised that the conversation was over."

Slowing down

IN Greece, plans were being made to withdraw to Thermopylae. In the desert the Germans continued to drive us back, but there were signs that their lengthening communications were slowing down their advance. It now became necessary to consider whether we should evacuate our forces from Greece in order to save Egypt.

Dill as out of London on April 20, a Sunday, and I therefore attended a meeting of the Chiefs of Staff in his place. This meeting had been summoned, at the Prime Minister's request, to consider a note he had sent up from the country, in which he suggested that a hundred more tanks should be sent to Egypt. They were to go in a convoy which was due to leave on April 24, and to pro-

ceed direct through the Mediterranean.

I said to the First Sea Lord and the Vice-Chief of the Air Staff that I felt we must face the issue whether we could spare more tanks from the United Kingdom; I reminded them that the Chiefs of Staff had quite recently given their opinion that we could not. General Ismay, the Military Secretary to the War Cabinet, suggested a way of presenting a decision in this sense to the Prime Minister so as to make it "palatable" to him. But I said, "We must say frankly and clearly whether his proposition is, in our opinion, quite unsound."

When we assembled again Eden, with great vigour, advocated the despatch of the hundred tanks to Egypt. This I did not regard as a very big issue, but I opposed the suggestion because I thought it wrong and because I knew that Dill was against it. We reached no conclusion.

General Kennedy lays part of the blame on Wavell himself. This is fair enough, in the sense that having originally opposed the idea of the Greek expedition, Wavell allowed his judgment to be switched in favour of it. Incidentally, this was not by that Civilian, Winston Churchill (who was always strongly backing it), but by the Soldier, General Sir John Dill, the Chief of Imperial General Staff (who of himself began by opposing the idea and only subsequently accepted it).

In the Western Desert, the fruits of General Wavell's brilliant winter advance to Benghazi were thrown away. With them went the last chance of mopping up the defeated and utterly disrupted remnants of the Italian army and of effectively occupying North Africa before the German reinforcements, and especially General Rommel's formidable Afrika Korps, could arrive. In Greece, and afterwards in Crete, we simply added some more disastrous retreats to those of Norway and France.

On December 9, 1940, General Sir Archibald Wavell, Commander-in-Chief, Middle East, opened his offensive against the Italians in the Western Desert. By the middle of February Tobruk and Benghazi had fallen. By the end of March British and Italian Somaliland had been captured.

All through these first three months of 1941 the German threat to Greece was apparent.

On January 9 a telegram was sent to Wavell to say that the support of Greece was to take precedence of all operations in the Middle East. This filled Wavell with dismay. On the 16th he reported that the Greeks did not want our units for fear that their arrival might provoke the Germans to attack them. The Chief of the Imperial General Staff, General Sir John Dill, and Kennedy both opposed

the Greek enterprise. Kennedy reports Dill as saying on his return from a War Cabinet meeting on February 11: "I gave it as my view that all the troops in the Middle East are fully employed, and that none are available for Greece. The Prime Minister lost his temper with me. I could see the blood coming up his great neck and his eyes began to flash. He said: 'What you need out there is a court-martial and a firing squad.' I should have said, 'Whom do you want to shoot exactly?' but I did not think of it till afterwards."

The next day Dill left with the Foreign Secretary, Mr. Anthony Eden, on a mission to the Balkan capitals. During this visit opinion swung in favour of the Greek enterprise. Even Dill came to favour it. So did Wavell. And on February 24 the Cabinet approved it unanimously.

But next day Mr Churchill returned to London and after a talk with the tank experts, gave orders for 87 more tanks to be loaded in the convoy. Events proved that he was utterly and completely right.

General Kennedy says that the story tells us the Prime Minister's insistence in the face of the intransigence of his military advisers, and nothing else, which procured for Wavell the hundred tanks which he desperately needed to hold the road to Cairo and the Suez Canal from the pounding blows of Rommel's Afrika Korps.

The Chiefs of Staff in Whitehall during mid-April 1941, and most rigidly of all, General Sir Alan Brooke the Commander-in-Chief Home Forces, were holding on to the idea that Hitler's threatened invasion of England was still at hand, and might materialise.

Churchill's view prevailed in the end. And Wavell got his tanks—just in time.

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COMMENTARY BY FRANK OWEN

AT this point of General Kennedy's story we are able to see the end of that expedition to Greece of April 1941, and the dire consequences which flowed from it.

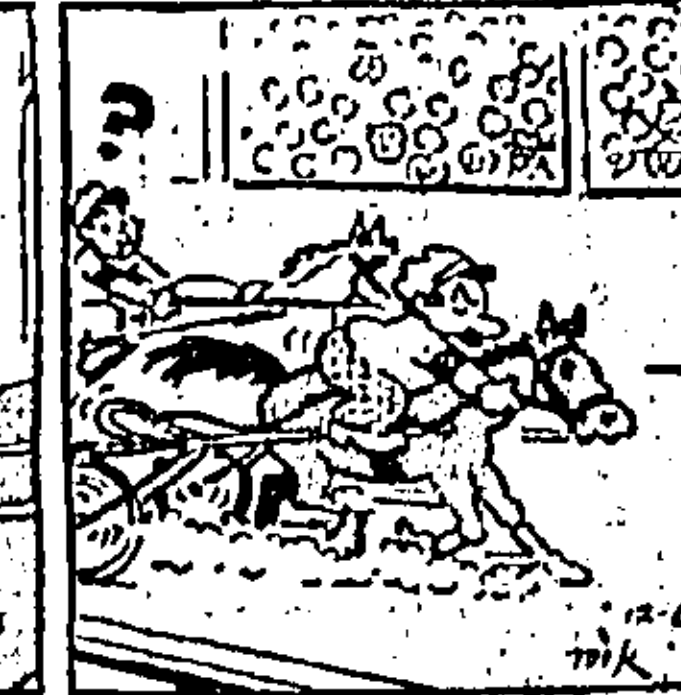
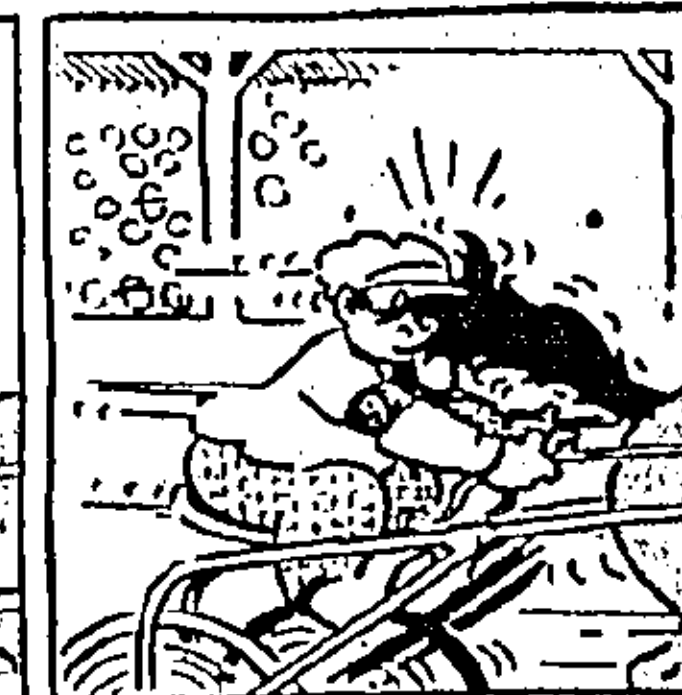
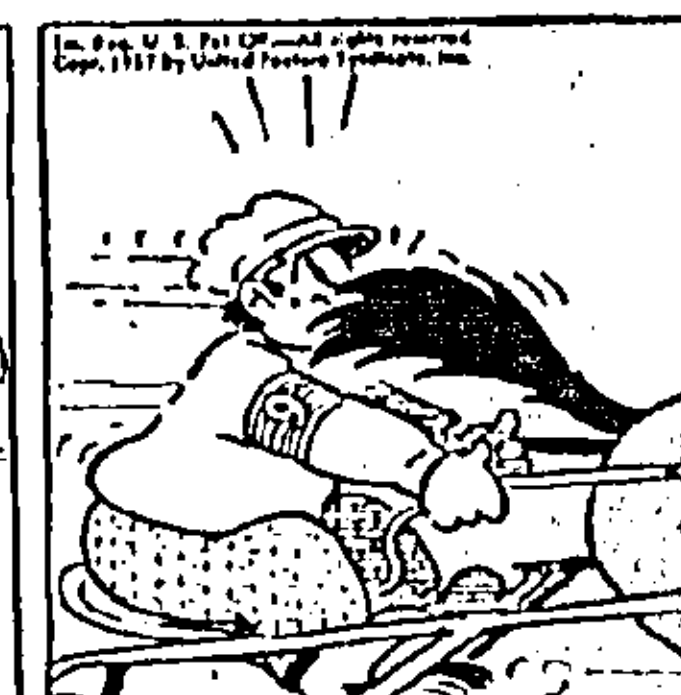
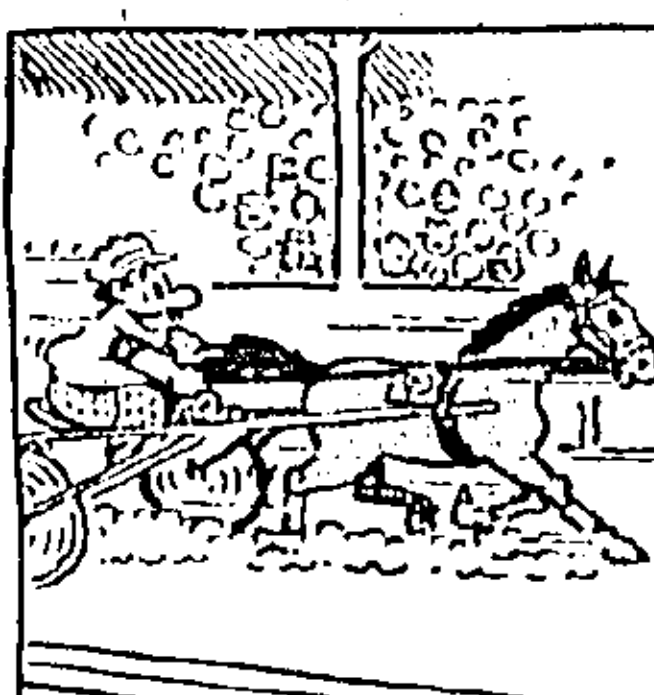
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FERD'NAND

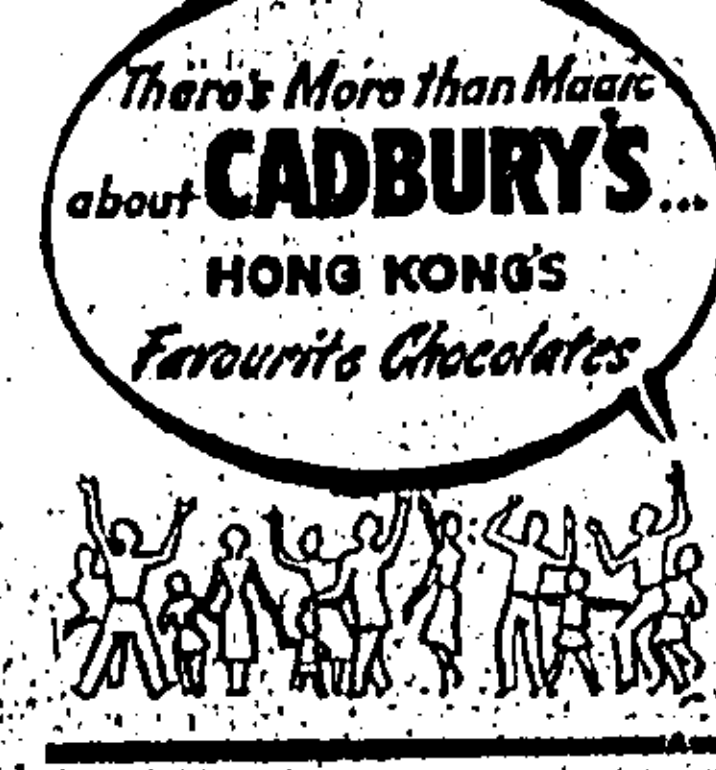


By MUK



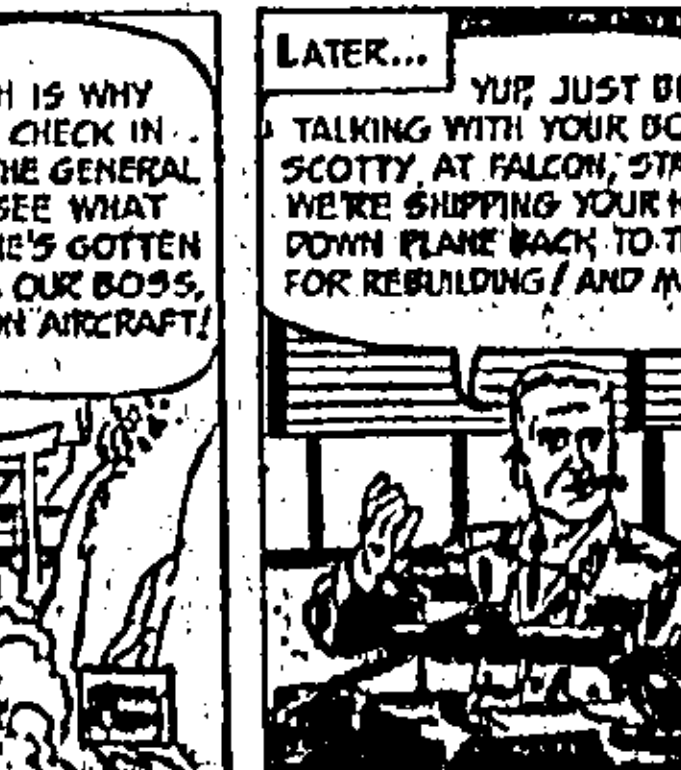
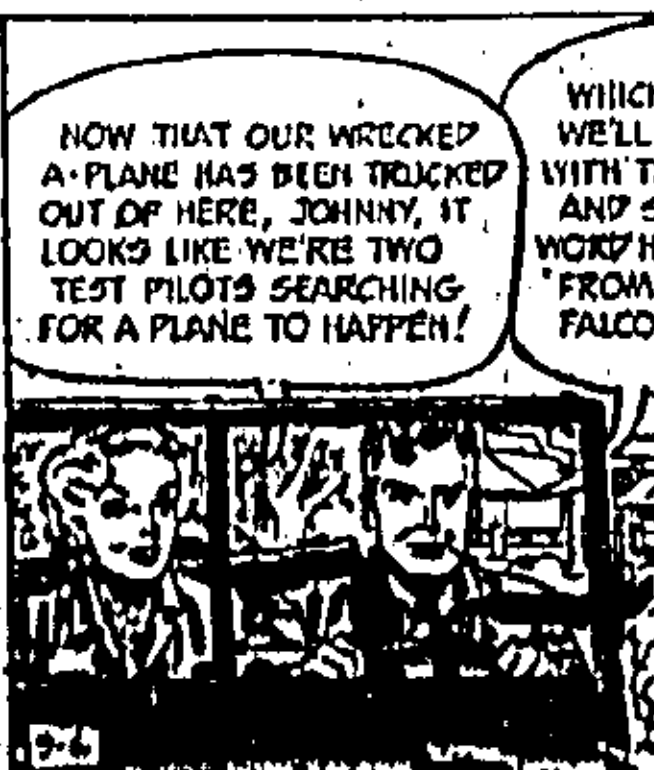
MANDRAKE THE MAGICIAN

By Lee Falk and Phil Davis



JOHNNY HAZARD

By Frank Robbins



A MAN ON POLITICS...

TOO MUCH GOING ON BEHIND LOCKED DOORS!

by WILLIAM BARKLEY

TORY MPs are worrying themselves on holiday. They are asking what is wrong with Parliament.

Why are back-benchers nearly all "little men" nowadays? David Price wants to streamline the process so that they don't become whole-time professionals.

Frederick Gough would slip the backs of ex-Ministers to give small men a better chance in big debates.

Some complain of wasting 14 minutes' walking through a division lobby when the thing could be done in no time by electric buttons. (Come to electronics, why not make a couple of hundred button-pressures on the first day and use one record a night for the rest of the session?) Let me tell them. What is going wrong with Parliament is that it is spending its time in perpetual secret session.

It is a bit thick to complain that the public is losing interest in its proceedings when the public and the newspapers are excluded from its debates.

It used to be a very formidable procedure to hold a secret session, involving a motion to spy strangers and one thing and another. Now it happens about twice nightly without any formality.

Suppose (and that's easy) that the Socialist Party is divided about making the H-bomb. Everybody knows, and could give, almost a complete list of the participants for both views.

Rival groups meet. Strong views are hurled across tea-cups. Whips panic. What face is the party going to show when it comes to the debate in the House?

Ranks closed

THE Leader calls a private party meeting. A bitter debate is held and is adjourned until tomorrow morning.

This is the debate that I should be reporting on your behalf. Huh! It is conducted entirely to the advantage of my radar-eyed colleague Derek Marks, who can see through stone walls and hear every word a mile away.

When next morning the Socialist Party reads what it has been saying it closes the ranks. Gaitskill or Bevan is empowered to make a compromise statement which will neither annoy nor enlighten anybody.

Suppose (alas! too easy) that the Tory Party is divided on Suez. Two groups form in secret, one pressing forward, the other backward.

Horrors! Are they going to show a split in public? The Tory Party must never split.

Where's the chairman of the '22 Committee? (That is the body, first set up in 1922, which includes the whole of the Tory back-benchers. It is not a committee at all. It is the whole caboodle.)

In no time the committee is sitting and politely requesting a visit from the Prime Minister or Foreign Secretary who, of course, can hardly be held back at the door all this time in his anxiety to burst in on them.

The Minister then hears a splendid parliamentary debate which is forbidden ground to you, (the electors)

and me. Rival views are trenchantly expressed (as I understand).

The Minister rises to address them with a quiet mention of the national interest being the same thing as party unity; a delicate reminder that the voters at Gloucester or Ipswich or Rochdale are watching them (which the voters are not allowed to do).

Then perhaps a delicate reminder that he is leaving three days later for Washington or that he came back two days ago from Bonn. Is this a time to rock the boat?

Dexterity

MEANWHILE five a side in the actual House of Commons Chamber are discussing, it may be, the safeguarding of gas mantles or enamelled hollow-ware. When the House is crammed to capacity later for the H-bomb debate or the Suez issue, the only public interest is in the dexterity

of the Leader or the Minister.

Will he, won't he, fall off that tightrope which he promised in private to walk? Will he keep his balance?

For his part—"hurrah!" or rather "hear, hear!"—he expertly says nothing for three-quarters of an hour and is greeted with rapturous applause for his achievement in not saying anything.

My New Year's Resolution for Price, Gough, and all Tory back-benchers who want Parliament to renew its real meaning and forcefulness is that they should

renounce membership of the 1922 Committee.

It is hopeless to expect the same sacrifice from the Socialists because they have a one-party State mentality.

They regard the party as the Parliament. At one time they even had hopes that their private meetings could be regarded as privileged, although the Constitution does not recognise parties.

THE Tories should do better than that. They should state their differences boldly in public debate.

We should then return to the conditions when a Minister is influenced by discussion and even changes his views under public pressure. Little men would then cease to be rubber-stamps, and some of them

in this well-tried, old process would even grow big.

Parties today have a neurosis about splits. They are in terror of washing their dirty linen in public. Let them not be surprised then if the public loses interest.

My advice is—Hang out the washing on the Commons line. Give us a sight of these little unmentionables of debate.

A WOMAN ON POLITICS...

by ANNE EDWARDS

My advice to Moira Shearer

WEAR your red shoes, dear. That's the advice I'm handing out to the latest and most glamorous Candidate's Wife—Miss Moira Shearer.

"Of course I shall go to Rochdale," announced the dazzling Miss Shearer, now that her husband Ludovic Kennedy has been nominated as Liberal candidate for the town. "I shall give Ludo all the help I can."

If you'll take my advice, Miss Shearer, you'll put on the style. At least it will bring a little of your personal sparkle to this soggy town of greasy cobblestones.

And wear your red shoes. They may help to beat off that feeling of being inadequate beside the women who have to work there.

Lots to it

FOR there's a lot to being a candidate's wife—especially this kind of town—that I suspect Miss Shearer doesn't suspect.

She's prepared, I'm sure, to make little speeches. But is she briefed on dodging the questions that come after them...

"What does your husband intend doing about the lighting in Midsummer-hall?" "What is your party doing about the Catholic schools?" "When are you going to come and look at our leaking roof?"

Is she prepared when stuck for an answer to spoon out the usual soothing syrup. "It's a matter that is worrying him a good deal." "I'm very close to his heart." "I returned at this election I'm sure he will take it up..."

She's prepared, of course, to sit on platforms and listen to her husband making speeches.

Is she prepared too, I wonder, to listen to him making the same speech 20 different times and never lose her glow of respectful admiration, or let on that what she's really thinking is: "Cripes, he's on to that bit about tariffs again..."

Is she sure she can smile proudly every time she hears her husband squash a heckler with the same old repartee: "If the gentleman who keeps interrupting would stop talking and start listening, he might go out

of this hall knowing a little more than when he came in."

Of course, she's ready to lick envelopes and fold posters and knock on doors, and interrupt hardworking women, to talk about her husband, but can she do it without doubting that it's all for their own good? And she'll know all about having gel-togethers and cups of tea and home-made cakes and talking about children, and having them call her Moira—but does she know anything about crossing the unbridgeable gap that divides these stout, homely women in macintoshes from her slim, delicate, expensive, and sophisticated little person?

Be yourself!

MY advice, Miss Shearer, is to drop the usual candidate's wife approach, along with the candidate's wife's specially-bought sober tweed coat and cheap hat, and just be yourself. They'll suspect you for trying to be like them. They'll love you for being yourself.

For your wonderful red hair, your smart clothes, your lovely face, your fame, your success. And whatever speeches you make, whatever doors you

knock on, whatever buzzes you open, I personally doubt if it will make a difference of one-half to one per cent to the way they vote.

POCKET CARTOON by OSBERT LANCASTER



"Ah, well, as the Secretary of State said this morning—'Men may come and men may go, but I go on for ever.'"

WEEKEND Friell

LIBERAL H.Q. Candidate Selection Board



"Boothby and Foot—they're booked already aren't they?"



"Perhaps you should fly to Malta, Lennax. Go by way of Albania and that should give us a breathing space."



"Ah, but they all envy us English women that natural je ne sais quoi which you don't get from clothes!"



"Zhukov!"

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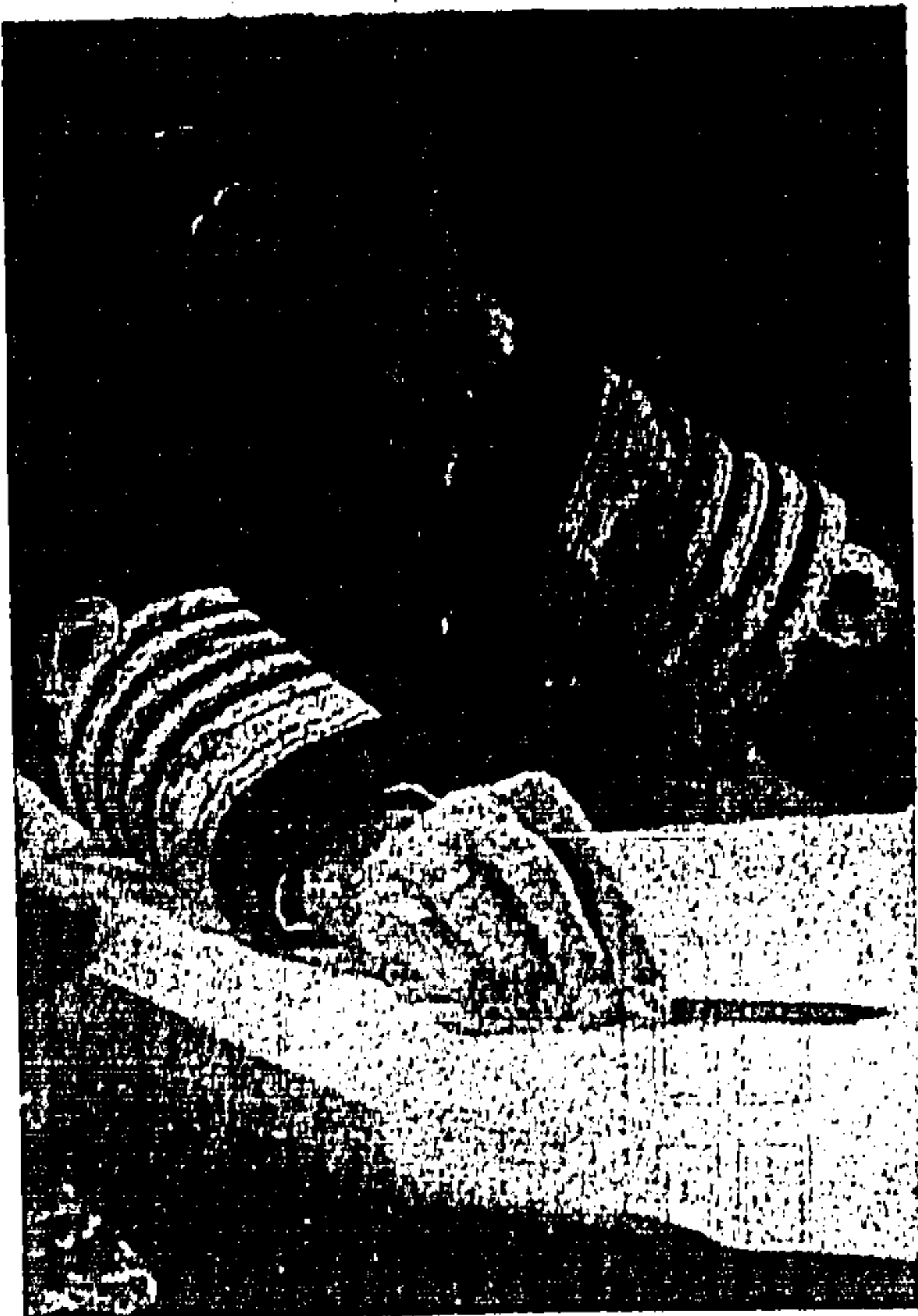
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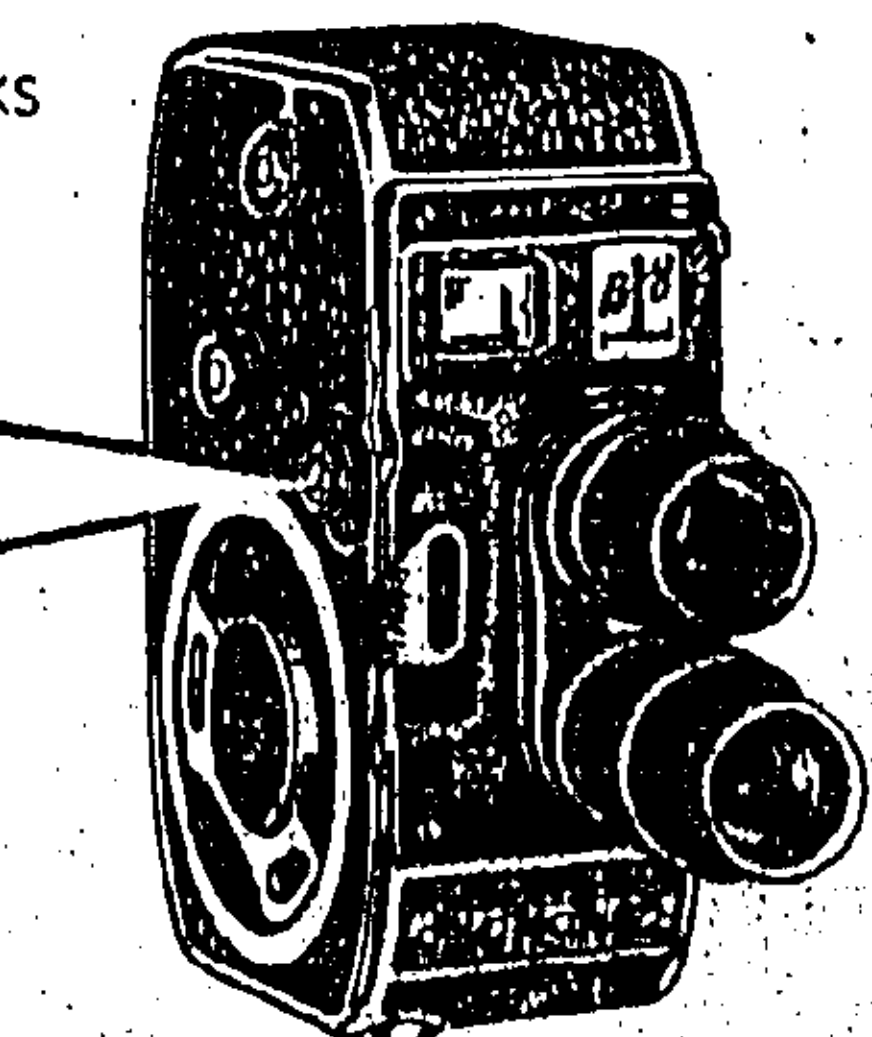
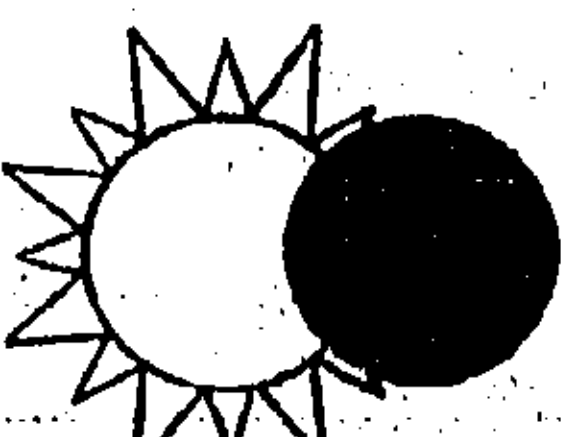


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RODERICK MANN'S show business

...takes a trip to the Mediterranean hide-out
of a blouse-painting, glass-crunching actor

Mr. FINCH FINDS HIS ISLAND OF PARADISE

NAPLES.
WHEN I called the island from Naples, the soft, sensuous voice at the Ischia exchange insisted: "No—we have no actor on the island. Only a rather crazy artist..."

Which should have forewarned me. I should have anticipated what a month on a Mediterranean island can do for a basically Hemingway character like Peter Finch.

For—like his friends Errol Flynn and Trevor Howard—ex-Australian hobo Finch is a natural-born hell-raiser.

He was waiting at the dockside when I landed, looking suitably nomadic in rope-soled sandals and slacks, and standing beside a three-foot-high vehicle which was less a car than a de-luxe-hitchhiker's back seat.

We raced away into the Mediterranean darkness. "We've laid on a festa for you," said Finch. "How long can you stay—a month?"

Music Blared

BEFORE I could speak we lurched to a heart-wrenching stop and I was thrust into a brightly-lit room. Music blared from a small gramophone in the corner. Everyone was drinking a brew of lethal potency known as Grappa—which makes even Yugoslav slivovitz seem like mineral-water.

Several bottles and glasses lay broken on the floor, which was littered with glass.

Without hesitation, Finch proceeded to dance upon the fragments, spilling furious Italian as his friends gathered round.

My grandmother converted me to Buddhism when I was seven," he called happily. "Had my head completely shaved."

What Buddhism had to do with dancing was glass he didn't bother to explain.

After introducing me around, Finch took me into a corner. "This," he said, "is a paradise island. Fell in love with it as soon as I arrived. Do you know they've got rats here as big as cats. Friendly, too."

While I looked warily about me he sank another glass of Grappa. Some of the stuff, which had fallen upon the tile-

lined floor, was already beginning to eat away the cement. "You know," he said, "I've even been commissioned to paint some blouses. They'll sell for £10 each next summer in the local shops."

(Finch, I should tell you, is a talented artist. Between glass-crunching sessions he has done more than a score of paintings on Ischia.)

He continued: "We're an odd lot, my family. All a bit eccentric. Even mother. She likes Liberace."

"I'm amazed," I said, "that Britain's managed to hold you this long. I should have thought you'd have gone to Hollywood long ago."

"I got my first offer after making Elephant Walk," said Finch. "But I wasn't happy there. And Larry Olivier was advising me against taking a Hollywood contract."

(It was Sir Laurence who first encouraged Finch to come to London.)

"He and Vivien have been wonderful to me," said Finch. "People think of him only as a great dramatic actor—but he's also one of our greatest comics."

Freezing Night

AT this point, two Italian girls detached themselves from the crowd, and with passionate cries of "Peeah...Peeah..." tried to drag Finch back to the glass-crunching. He ignored them, and continued:

"Last time I was at his home, Notley Abbey, Larry had just discovered that the Abbey was at one time requisitioned by Henry VIII. Orson Welles was also staying there, so Larry decided we should re-enact the episode. He played the abbot, a drooling old rone, and Orson played the king's emissary. It



was a freezing night—but Orson insisted on going outside the door and making his own galloping-horse noises. I got the lousy part I was the my brother who fetched the wine. Larry was so funny he had us rolling on the floor..."

"How did you get on with 'Welles'?" I asked. "I remember you were in his play 'Othello'."

"I liked him," said Finch, contemplatively. "But I don't think I could face acting with him again. He wore life and stood about 8ft. high on stage as the Moor. For months afterwards producers assumed I was a midget!"

He got to his feet and crunched the glass again among his laughing admirers, all of whom were now in the grip of the Grappa.

Welles Roars

OVER his shoulder he said: "I remember a woman admirer saying to Orson: 'Mr Welles—you were wonderful. When you walked on the whole stage seemed to light up.'"

"You fool, midget," roared Welles. "It did. I arranged that with the electricians!"

Finch, a star of maturity and stature who can act all of his Pinewood contemporaries right under the commissary table, has just finished his most important film 'Widow's War'. Now he is to co-star with Audrey Hepburn in 'The Mirror'.

This year I forecast that he will be our hottest box office star. Before I left he walked with me to the door. Together we looked out over the moonlit Mediterranean towards Capri, quiet and still under the ice-cold stars.

"I guess," said Finch quietly, "I'm a bit of a nomad. Yes...a bit of a nomad."

THE THEME IS LOVE

and she
is the most stimulating
woman I know in London

By JOHN THOMPSON

AN attractive 38-year-old woman has just moved into the top line of fiction writers.

In the short time since her latest collection of stories, "The Habit of Loving," came out they have become the talk of her fellow writers.

Soon, I predict, she will be in the best-selling class. Who is this newcomer to fame? She is a Rhodesian

named Doris Lessing. To meet her I went through the fog one evening—to her top-floor flat in a Victorian house at Earls Court.

"All the doors here are broken," she said, "come straight up."

22, maybe

DORIS LESSING readily admits to being 38, though she certainly does not look it. Plumpish, slightly hippy, wearing black trousers, red socks, black slippers, she could pass for 22—especially in the glow of a powerful gasolene lamp with the dispersed lighting of her large sitting-room.

She has little ears, eyes that smile as she talks—and sometimes seem to have a film of tears welling up in them. Her nostrils are slim. She has apple cheeks, and a mouth that opens only slightly as she talks: talks with that mild, chanting accent that Rhodesians and South Africans so often have.

She is a brunette and has a way of scratching her head as she thinks out what she is saying.

Twice married, both marriages now dissolved, she has three children. The youngest, Peter, aged 11, lives with her in London. "The eldest came to see me recently. Tall, grown up, all that you know. On his way to Canada—to become a forerunner."

"Everybody's been very kind about 'The Habit of Loving,'" she said. "No, personally, I've got no set idea about love. I know of only three marriages that I think of as being really happy."

She was all in favour of the emancipation of women. "Compared with 60 years ago we've got a much wider choice

nowadays. But I think men and women will remain fundamentally unequal, just so long as women go on having kids. I don't see how women can ever have real equality. Don't know that we want it, anyway."

Her complaint about England? "In South Africa and Rhodesia a white person meets everybody—from the top to the bottom. And that's not so in England. I'd like to meet some people at the top. Big business people, for example. I'd like to be able to write about them."

In all there are 17 stories in the new book. A few have an English setting, though for most of them the background is South Africa or Rhodesia.

Their subjects are drawn from the lives of ordinary, everyday people. But each story has Doris Lessing's touch, warm in feeling, but tough at the same time.

The actor

I TAKE the title story, "The Habit of Loving," as an example of the way she writes. In most of the stories she themes the many aspects of love, in this first long story she marks her hero a man for whom love has become more than an emotion.

It has developed, though he does not realize it, into a habit

George Talbot, famous actor and man of the theatre, is drifting into his sixties. He does not look his age. He is still attractive to women, and admired by them. But for the first time in his busy life he is beginning to feel the pain of loneliness.

The girl he wants to make into his second wife will not marry him. She prefers the sunshine of Australia, where she had gone during the war.

George is still "good friends" with his first wife. He asks her to come back to him—but she has other plans of her own.

He becomes ill. A small-part actress who is out of work comes to nurse him. Slowly they fall in love, get married, go for their honeymoon to a farmhouse in Normandy—where again George becomes ill.

This time he recuperates in London. When he is better both he and his new, young wife go back to work in the theatre. She fills for the young man who is the partner in her act. George realises what has happened, but he does not understand that his wife too is feeling the pain of being unhappy.

For in fact she is not just a wife of a young girl, as he had supposed. Like George himself she looks younger than she is. She rejects her young man, who have left England for

herself as she really is—and he wakes up finding to find that his wife is no longer the young girl he had thought her.

She is middle-aged, wearing a severe navy-blue suit, black laced shoes, and her black hair pinned off her face in a clumsy knot. Talbot feels the pain of his loneliness again.

For all his charm, his good looks, his standing in the world, Doris Lessing tells in this story how he comes back to where he started. She tells how he has fallen into "the habit."

Readable

A SAD story, you say? No, certainly not—not the way Doris Lessing writes it. She makes it frank and engaging. Her writing is superbly readable and self-confident. In some of the other stories—such as the one called "Pleasure" about a Midlands wife who becomes an underclass widow on a South of France holiday when her husband becomes an enthusiastic underwater fisherman—she can be funny too.

Now she is well into writing a new novel. She has a play coming on at the Royal Court Theatre. She is becoming a famous name in England. She is even beginning to make money.

Personally, I think this Rhodesian novelist is an excellent exchange for those editors who have been hearing about—But, first, I must get established over here."

The Round

SINCE Tsai Chin came to London four years ago, as a student at RADA, one of the world's most exacting drama schools, she has become well-known on the stage.

She played one of the four princesses in a Christmas production "The Princess and the Swineherd" at the Arts Theatre Club, and competed a Chinese variety show at Drury Lane.

Between filming, she has done some television work—including a part in a Charlie Chan detective series, and has broadcast for the B.B.C. overseas service, both in English and Chinese.

I asked her which she liked best—the stage or film. "They both have their good points," said Tsai Chin. "In films you earn more money, of course, but you earn it not for acting—but for waiting to get on."

"You get to the studio very early in the morning, to be made up and have your hair dressed. Then nobody wants you for hours, so you just hang around."

"Suddenly there is a great panic, and you have to go on to the set and act in a rush."

"I suppose the stage is more artistically satisfying. In films they shoot very short scenes at a time. And, of course, they don't start at the beginning of a story and work through to the end, but mix the sequences according to the location."

What are her plans for the future?

"My next engagement—and one I'm looking forward to—is very much—a part in the BBC television pantomime 'Aladdin'. After that, there is a chance I might get a part in one of two films that are to be made next year. Of course, I would like to make a film in Hongkong in my native tongue. But, first, I must get established over here."



THREE FILMS—BUT NOW SHE APPEARS FOR FIRST TIME

By Hazel Meyrick

London.

played by her brother, Michael Chow.

TSAI Chin, the pretty 21-year-old actress from Hongkong, is looking forward to the London premiere of her third film "Violent Playground"—because it is the first time she will see herself on the screen.

"I had a part in the film 'Yangtze Incident,'" she told me. "But before the film was shown my part was cut out completely. I was very disappointed."

★ ★ ★

"Then I played the part of Tokyo Rose in 'Bridge Over the River Kwai'—but then I was only heard, not seen."

In "Violent Playground" Tsai Chin (her real name is Chow Tsai Chin) is a 16-year-old girl, and the part of her boyfriend is

played by her brother, Michael Chow.

"He's not really an actor, but an architectural student," Tsai Chin told me. "When I was given my film part, they asked me if I knew of a Chinese boy to play opposite me—and I couldn't think of anyone but him. They say he has done very well—but then we come from a theatrical family."

I asked her about the story of the film.

"It's about the teenage problem," she told me. "And it is treated very realistically. I don't wear any make-up for instance, and I'm dressed in dowdy clothes all the time."

The film is set in the slums of Liverpool, and while the film unit was there on location they had some difficulty with Liverpool's youngest citizens.

"It was terrible!" Tsai Chin said. "When we were filming

in the street we were followed by what seemed to be about 500 children. As the scenes were shot over and over again, the children got to know our parts, and would shout out our words before we could say them. Then, in the evening when we left our hotel, they would act out our scenes on the pavement in front of us."

Tsai Chin said that she had seen some of the film "rushes", although the London premiere is not until the end of January.

"Although it was rather a shock to see myself at first, I'm about 60 per cent pleased with my performance," she told me.

The Round

SINCE Tsai Chin came to London four years ago, as a student at RADA, one of the world's most exacting drama schools, she has become well-known on the stage.

She played one of the four princesses in a Christmas production "The Princess and the Swineherd" at the Arts Theatre Club, and competed a Chinese variety show at Drury Lane.

Between filming, she has done some television work—including a part in a Charlie Chan detective series, and has broadcast for the B.B.C. overseas service, both in English and Chinese.

I asked her which she liked best—the stage or film. "They both have their good points," said Tsai Chin. "In films you earn more money, of course, but you earn it not for acting—but for waiting to get on."

"You get to the studio very early in the morning, to be made up and have your hair dressed. Then nobody wants you for hours, so you just hang around."

"Suddenly there is a great panic, and you have to go on to the set and act in a rush."

"I suppose the stage is more artistically satisfying. In films they shoot very short scenes at a time. And, of course, they don't start at the beginning of a story and work through to the end, but mix the sequences according to the location."

What are her plans for the future?

"My next engagement—and one I'm looking forward to—is very much—a part in the BBC television pantomime 'Aladdin'. After that, there is a chance I might get a part in one of two films that are to be made next year. Of course, I would like to make a film in Hongkong in my native tongue. But, first, I must get established over here."

WEEK-END WOMANSENSE

Has Balmain ever been to a beagle ball?



PICTURE BY JOHN FRENCH.

FOR THE MARINERS OF 1958

For the one-time Sport of Kings (well, millionaire grocers anyway) that is fast becoming the sport of millions—SAILING—I present a truly practical outfit.

It isn't just a matter of money, it's a matter of knowing what not to wear—which includes ever-so-slightly-fancy dress sailor suits, and almost anything with brass buttons on.

This striped denim middie top started as a British version of an Italian man's play shirt—with matching denim pants.

Suddenly the WOMEN were buying it—like mad.

Mr. PlaySport, who made the masculine outfit, planned a feminine version—identical top plus straight denim skirt.

For those who have learned their sailing the hard way... who now know that through some boats may bear hanging cupboards, there's seldom room to stow a crushable dress... that there are times ashore when slacks simply WON'T DO... I offer this slick, chic alternative.

Top and skirt, 75s. Men's top and skirt 55s. 6d.

SUCKER that I am I cannot resist the "make the most of yourself" appeal of so much that is written for women.

"Birds in the hair, false buns, back dip, front plunge, up hems, down hems, eyes right, left drape"... whatever the cry you'll find me in the front ranks doing my darnedest to keep in step.

Off the-beam?

Yet now and then my other self (the micky-taking one) catches up with me: "You know all the answers, but are you quite certain they are the RIGHT answers?"

Is there a possibility that the world's style setters are the tiniest bit off the beam? Or is it simply that, thinking fashion-wise, my life at its present pace is a very different cup of coffee from Life as it Should Be Lived?

Take the Hospital Ball for a start.

"Make an entrance," say the experts—"dazzle them with the drama of this satin wrap."

But the Hospital Ball is held in an old coaching inn—all very sixteenth century and quaint. And what with chaps shouting where the blazes do they park the car, and women elbowing their way up the stairs to the icy bedroom which serves as a cloakroom, the drama of one's entrance is left to make its only impact on the stout woman who, posted at the top of the stairs, cries at regular intervals—"Down the corridor and second left, please."

That striking satin wrap is bundled away with a little pink ticket pinned to its "burgeoning fullness"—and I spend the rest of the evening wondering where in the world I put the other half of the ticket.

Ripping

"If it's a long dress occasion," say the experts (and for a beagle ball evening dress means EVENING



Into the mad swirl of a waltz... with a fearful rending sound

DRESS with knobs on),

"don't skimp it. Balmain is exuberant with one hundred yards of tulle in this exciting model."

Balmain hasn't partnered the keenest beagler in the county.

Oh, unforgettable evening, when we swung into the mad swirl of the old-fashioned waltz with a fearful rending sound.

"I always keep a couple of cards of safeties handy for this do," said the girl in the cloakroom later as she pinned up my tattered "exuberance."

"Or are you the stinky type?" they quiz me—"the Duchess looks divinely swathe in a sequin sheath with a fishtail train."

I wouldn't give much for the duchess's chances at the Young Conservatives dance when round about midnight, everybody seizes every other body from behind and they snake around the room in a good old-fashioned conga.

Show me the fishtail to stand up to that.

Now, just in case you are querying my milieu, let

me tell you that things are a thousand times more tricky for the tiara set.

It's wrong

See the arrivals at a state reception, bent double in an agony of extrication as they manoeuvre their once beautiful and billowing skirts.

You can't get out of anything apart from a vintage Rolls in one of Balenciaga's balloon skirts.

See the "best dressers" at the opera squeezing sideways into row C—all 14 yards of brocade, 10 of nylon backing, ditto of tulle to cover the backing AND a stiffened petticoat to be settled somehow into two square feet.

There's something very wrong somewhere.

I hunched a few weeks ago with Eric Crabtree—boss of one of the biggest groups of top flight dress shops in Britain.

"Fashion is simply not moving with the times," he told me—"by now we should be showing plastic dresses with built-in air-conditioning skirts that deflate and change colour at the touch of a switch."

By VERONICA PAPWORTH



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Go Red, Young Lady

By HAZEL MEYRICK

IF you want to follow a fashion that is sending the sales of hair rinses rocketing in London, and causing queues at the hair-dressers', then join the craze for that red-headed look.

Everyone's putting a red tint in their hair—like the high-powered woman executive of an international cosmetic corporation, I know, who has turned her black hair into a rich, deep auburn, and top model Pat O'Reilly, a natural blonde, who has gone carrot-coloured, just for fun.

What is it that's making London women throw caution to the winds and change their hair colour? It's the new super-rinses, as near to dyes as they can get, but without a dye's permanence.

SOME MISTAKES

Unlike the old rinses which came off on your pillow—and often tinted your skin as well—the new ones last through half a dozen shampoos. If the colour really horrifies you, however, it can be taken out right away by adding a chemical to your rinsing water.

I've seen some mistakes, of course—like the brunette whose hair glowed red only under artificial light, and the blonde whose hair turned bright orange.

The wrong red may make you look as though you're wearing a wig—but the right one will put a sparkle into your eye, lift up your colour, and give your spirits a lift.

Don't forget that 'red' covers a whole range of colours from pale, copper-gold to deep auburn, so there is a shade to match everyone's natural colouring.

The Marmalade Look is for the girls with fair hair. Fine bleach is first combed through the hair, and one or two blonded streaks added in front, to lighten and brighten it. Then a tawny-gold rinse is applied to give a tortoise-shell appearance. If your hair has been bleached it will 'take' a rinse much more quickly than normal, so use only a weak solution.

The True-Red Look—flame coloured hair—is for the girl whose hair already has a coppery sheen. Use a concentrated copper rinse such as 'copper gold', or 'flame red', and change your lipstick to a clear coral colour, like Revlon's 'Persian Melon'.

The Dark Plum Look is strictly for brunettes, and it gives the darkest hair a rich, red sheen. Choose 'deep chestnut' or 'true auburn' rinses, and wear a dark red lipstick.

Having achieved your red hair, here's how to play up to it: Check that your make-up is still right; you may need to change to a creamier powder-base with less pink in it. Choose simply-styled clothes that don't detract attention from your new hair tone, and plump for bright clear colours.

These are the shades that make red hair look brighter: white and gold, bitter yellow, coffee and black. If your hair is in the orange-red range, spice it up with a dress of clear shocking pink which will clash brilliantly with it. If your hair is a deep

auburn, stay away from pink, but try turquoise blue instead. Panicking about your hair colour? The dress shades that 'kill' red, and make it look less noticeable: the mud-diest browns, greens and fawns, and pastel colours such as powder blue or muted sage green. They will all tone down the effect of red hair.

★ ★ ★

Hemlines are on their way up, so the fashion focus is switching to your legs, and it's becoming important to choose exactly the right stocking shade to flatter them.

Avoid too-bright flesh tones which make your legs look lobster-coloured, or the ginger shades which can look most unflattering, unless you are naturally sun-tanned.

Dark stockings look dowdy, and far from disguising plump legs, draw attention to them. Stick to pale and pretty colours instead, and look out for three new shades: dawn, sand and milk.

The type of stocking you choose can make or mar your appearance. One large British stocking concern thinks this is so important that they've asked Ferragamo, the famous Italian shoe designer, to choose four perfect stockings to flatter different leg-types.

Enumerated Italian-wise they are. Uno, fine mesh stockings for extra-slim legs; Duo luxury super-sheers, designed to show off perfectly shaped legs; Tre, 15-denier plain-knits for the woman who is rather plump. For extra-large sizes there's Quattro, stretch stockings with a slimming matt effect.

Concours D'Elegance In Red



He and she share admiration of the car. She wears a dress in the same shade of red as the car he's so proud to be showing her. The dress is by Fagotti of Italy.

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Some 30-odd members of the No. 3 Machine Gun Coy. of the former HKVDC met to talk about old times at a reunion dinner held at Volunteer Centre last Wednesday.

Top—Major E. G. Stewart, OBE, DSO, (centre seated) Commanding Officer of the Coy. that was at Wongnei-chong Gap when the Japanese landed on the island.

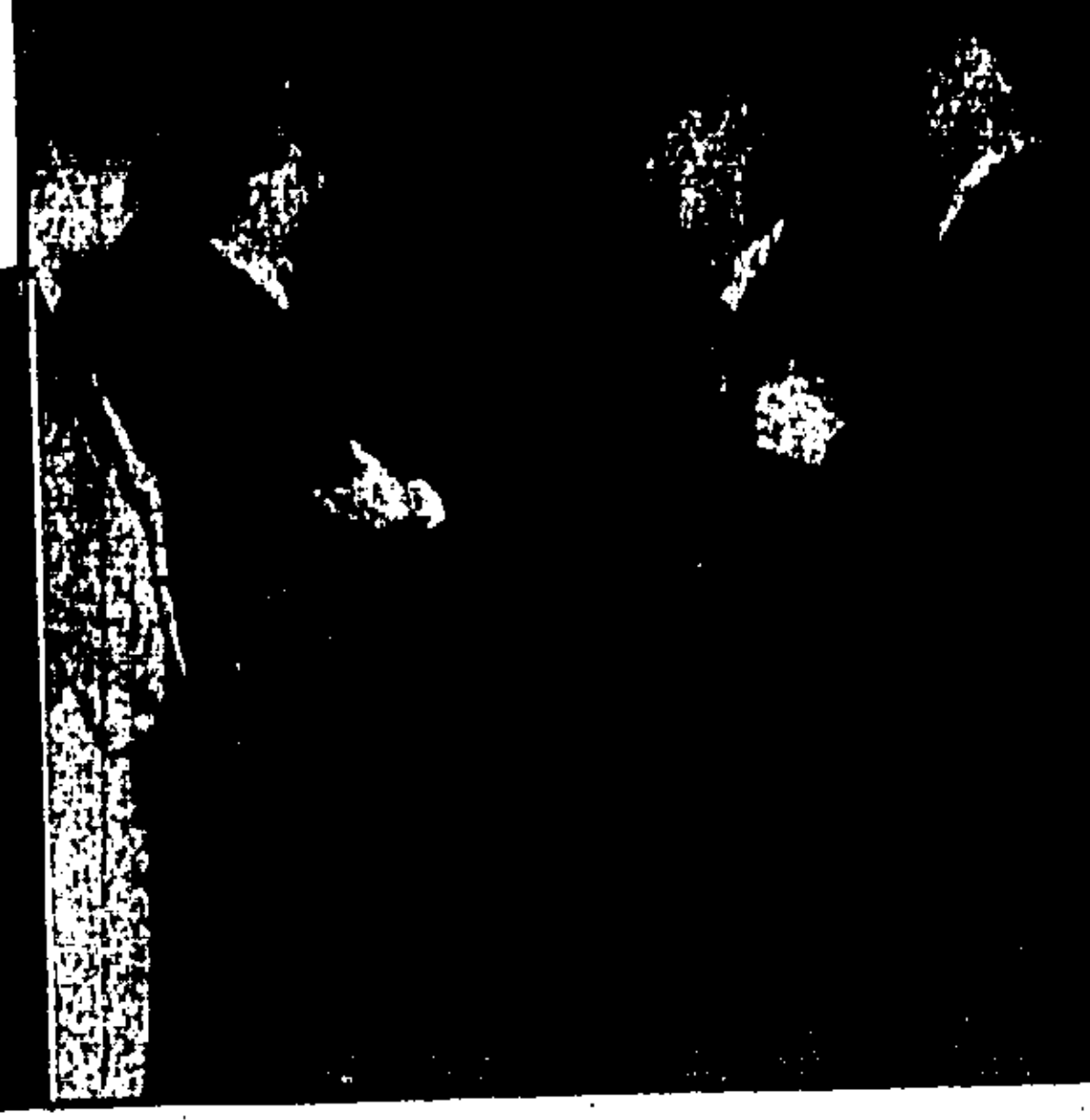
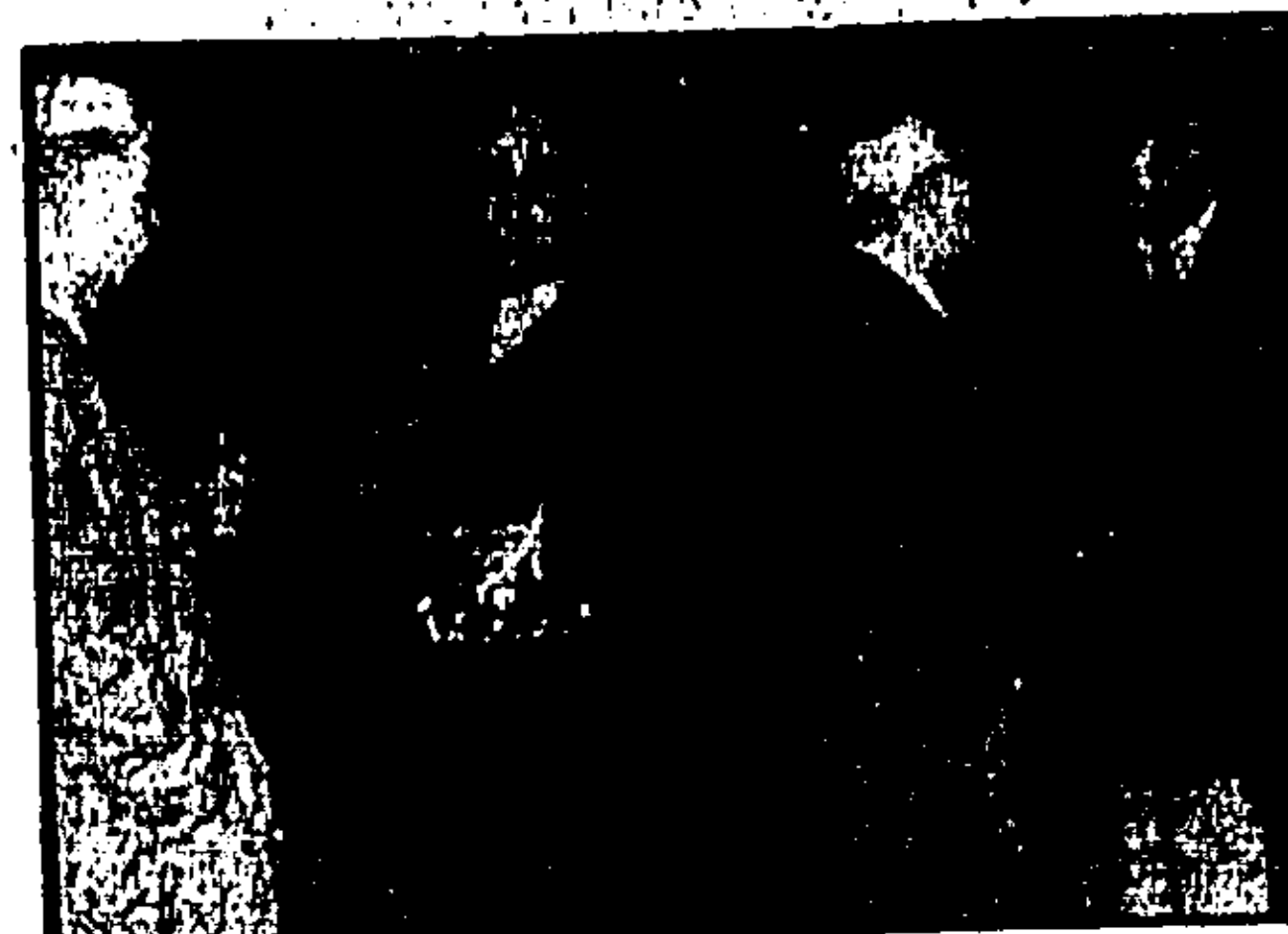
Top right—Tommy Lock and Teddy Fincher find the POW camp sketches interesting.



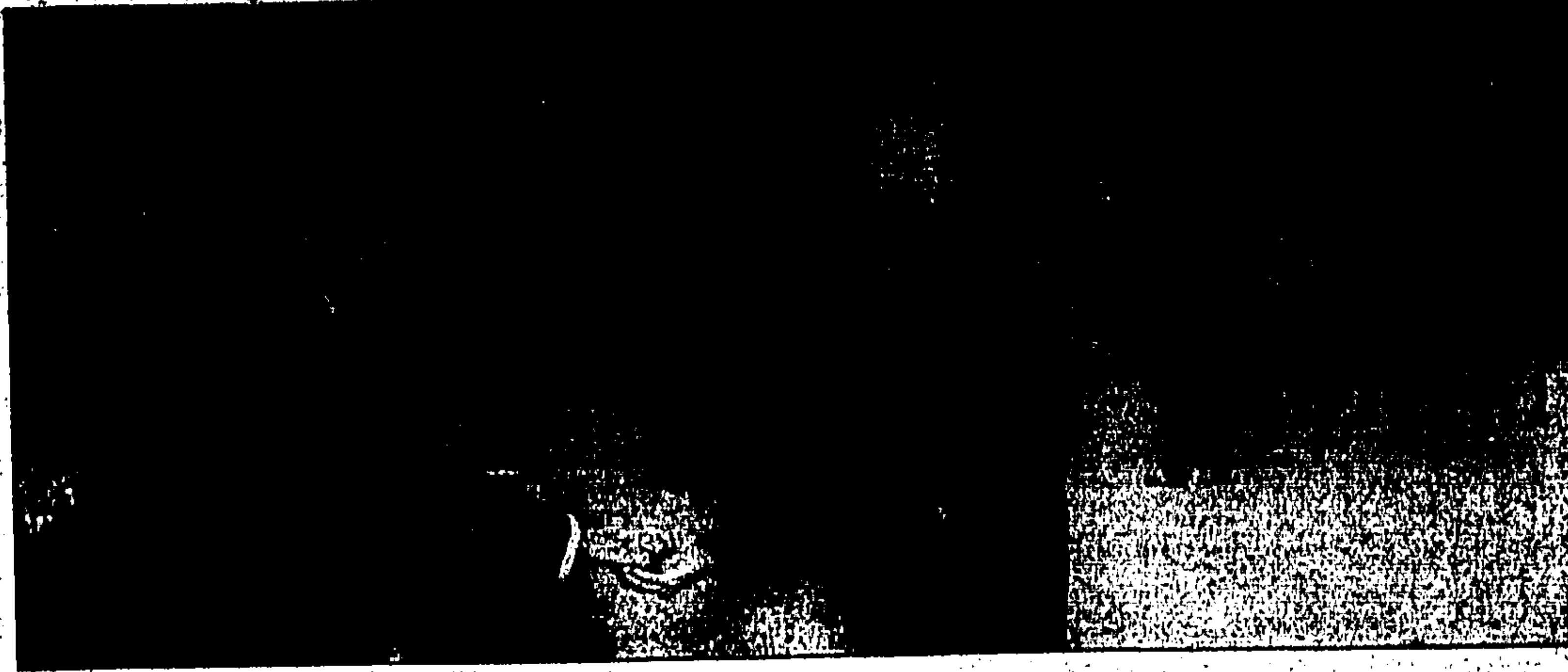
Above—Lt B. C. Field, MC, Pro Nick Jaffer, Cpl George Roylance. Below—Pte T. Mayne (right), Sgt George White and Lt Field.



Above—Nick Jaffer, Terry Leonard, Tommy Lock. Below—D. Hunt, S. L. Cheung, Herbert and Charlie Allen. Right—Major Stewart, Cpl N. Broadbridge (extreme right) and Lt Field.



BELOW: Mrs Leo d'Almada and friends admire the Order Militar de Cristo, presented to the Club de Recreio for the promotion of the Portuguese language in Hongkong... a small golden cross and red ribbon on the table.



The Hon. Dhun Ruffonjee presenting a silver whistle to PC5159, best of the latest batch of Cantonese recruits passed out from Aberdeen Training School into the force.

RIGHT: Entertainment at the 2nd annual dinner of the Kowloon Women's Welfare Club at the King Wah Restaurant.



Farewell presentation to Capt. Pat Moore of CPA at the Peninsula.



The Rev. Reg Trueman of St John's College collects third prize from Mrs L. G. Morgan (wife of the acting Director of Education) in a competition organised by the publicity committee of the Family Planning Association.

Sergeant Alan Tabble of the Education Corps and Irene Carrigan WRAC outside Garrison Church, Victoria Barracks. Bridesmaid is Miss Beryl Cross.

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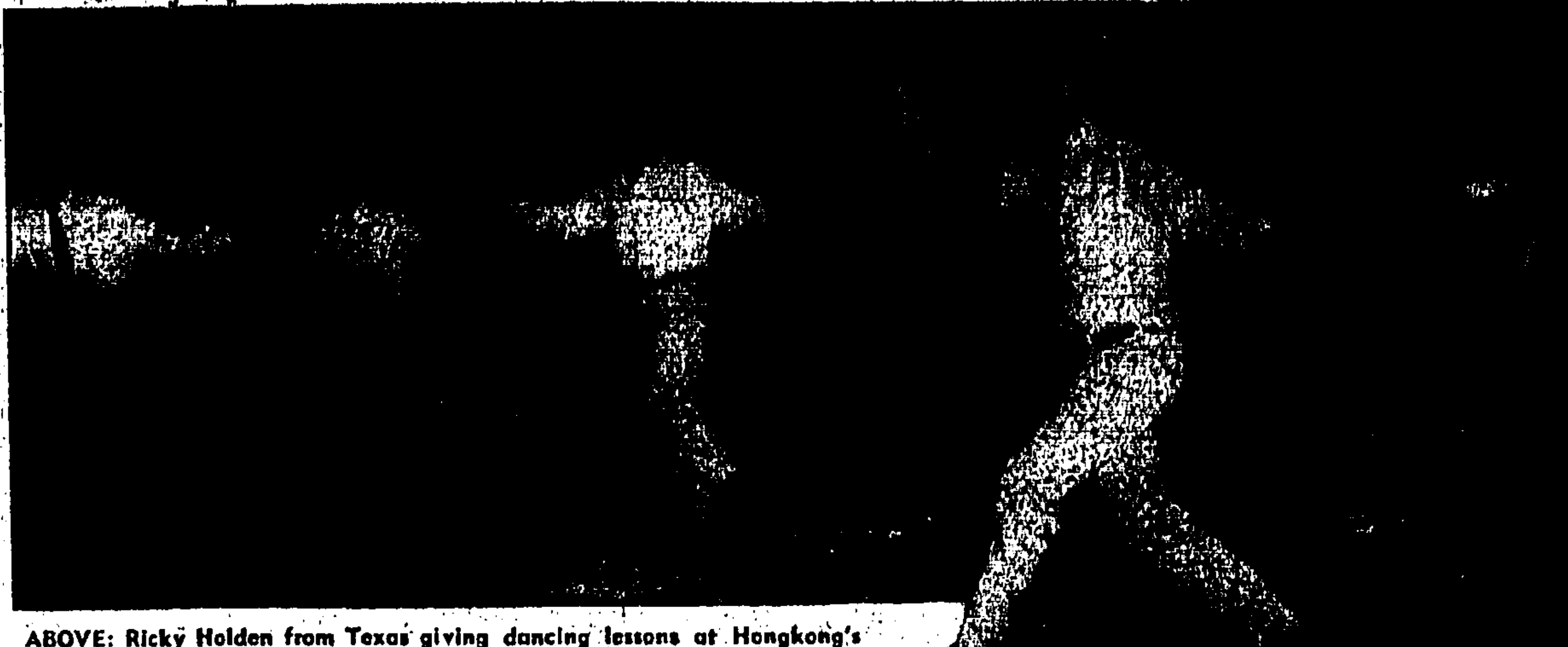


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GILMANS

Showroom, Gloucester Arcade



ABOVE: Ricky Holden from Texas giving dancing lessons at Hongkong's Hollywood Government School. His dances which were "not for the stage but for a good time and dancing from the heart" included routines from Germany, Israel, Scotland, and the "Wild West".

LEFT: John Baylis and Dorothy Ravi at Union Church. The attendants were Elizabeth Hill (on bride's left) and Heather and Susan McLeod.



CHILDREN ABOARD
When the US Navy's Hammer and Chandler give a party.



ABOVE & BELOW:
3,000 lb of rice, gift from America, is handed out by the Catholic Women's League.

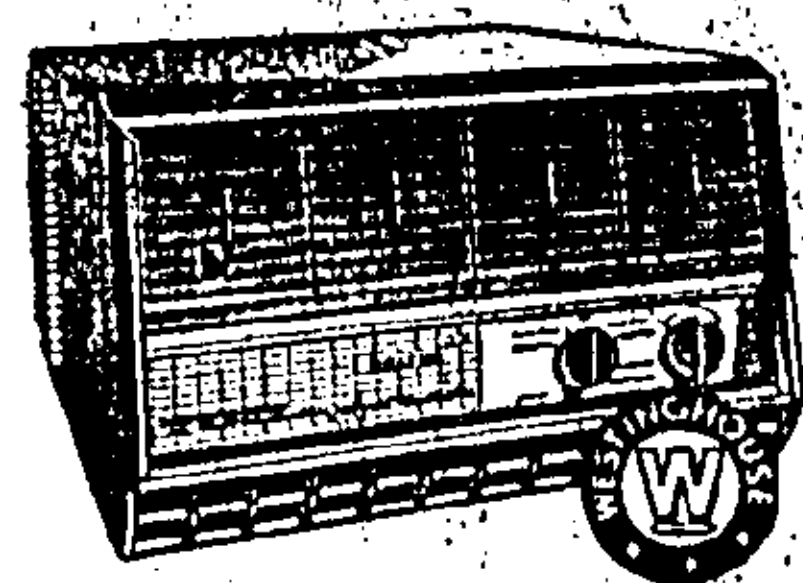
RIGHT:
W. P. Coatswith and his bride Mario Lopes at Macao Cathedral.



BELOW: Hongkong is no longer the only town of its kind in the world without a place to walk beside the sea. Thanks to measures taken by the Urban Council a little stretch of Gloucester Road has been converted into an "experimental" Wanchai Promenade.

YOU CAN BE SURE
... IF IT'S

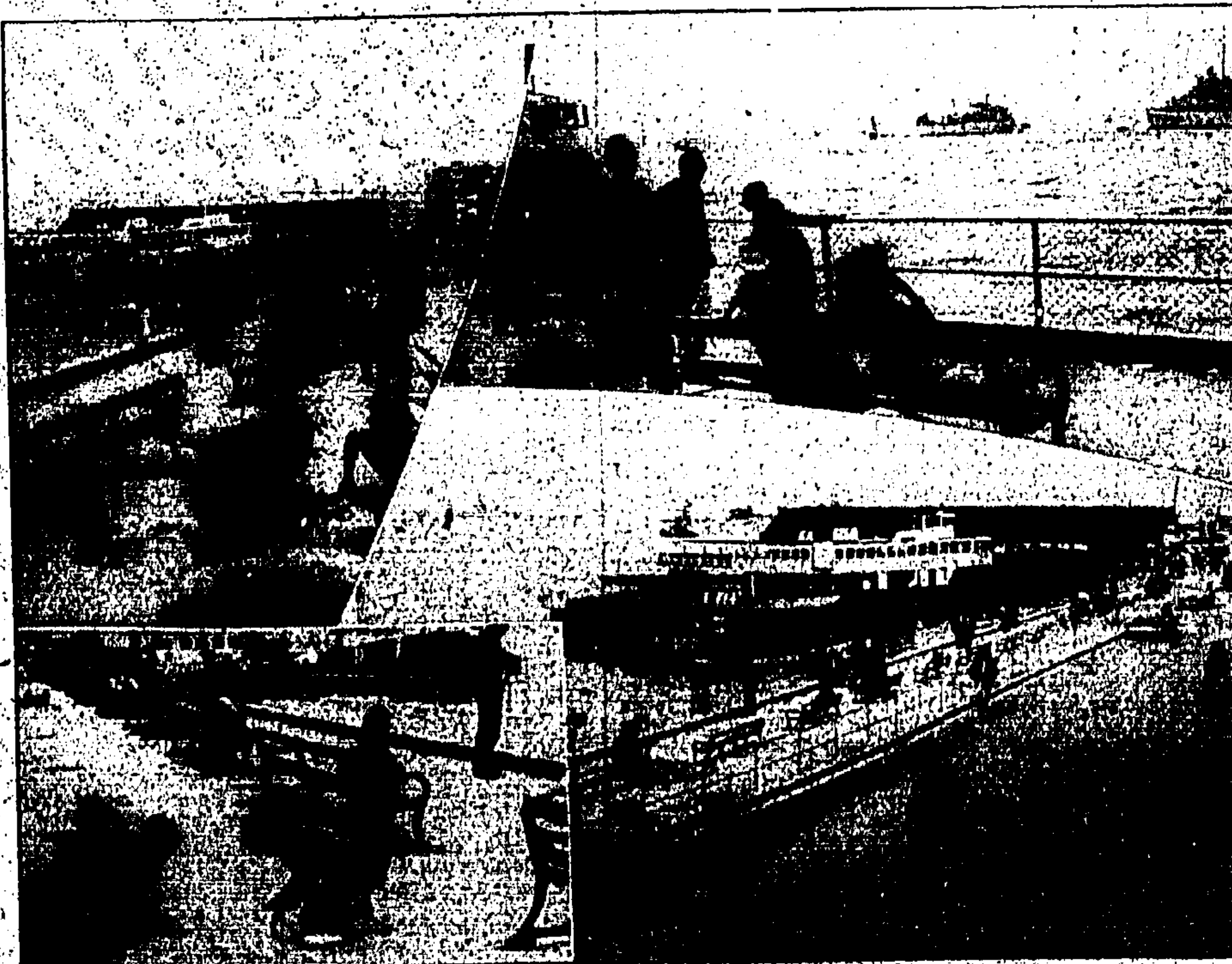
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That Second Living Room Is Important

By Joan O'Sullivan

It used to be the rumour for good reason. It's without worrying about the quarters for a photography fan, William Miller of Devon, Connecticut. His "second living room" is a hobby head-prize pictures were enlarged to make unique wall decorations.



VALANCE LIGHTING

The room, which has an attractive zebra-striped sofa, features valance lighting. A light control switch enables Mr Miller to make the lighting dim or bright, depending on whether he wants the pictures to be spotted or desires over-all brightness.

Another such room, on the dark side, was lightened by means of a mural wallpaper that shows an imaginative countryside scene. The mural not only cheers the dark area, but makes it seem larger, too, by adding vista.

ANTIQUE COLLECTOR

An antique collector did his "second living room" with auction finds: a tavern table and two benches, andirons and fireside tools, the latter used around the big fireplace.

Patchwork quilted curtains take their colour cue from the inlaid tile pattern of the linoleum floor covering. The floor, by the way, is easy cleaning, because it's waxed with a new self-polishing vinyl floor wax, which is scuff-resistant and water-repellent.

REDWOOD PLYWOOD

Another family made their "second living room" distinctive by using redwood plywood to panel the walls. Easy to install, the panels are 4 by 8 feet. Bright colours complement the warm wood tones.

A free-standing metal fireplace in red, for example, is a focal point. Floor pillows for informal sitting are in a vivid cotton.

Furniture is comfortable for children and adults. A circular coffee table serves adults from a sofa, makes a low table that children, seated on the floor pillows, can use when it's party time.



REDWOOD PLYWOOD makes panels for the walls. A round coffee table is set for a children's party. Kids sit on pillows around it.

COOKING STILL CALLS FOR SKILL AND MUCH TIME

By Jeanne Lesem

PSYCHOLOGIST Peter E. Siegle claims it's too easy today to be a good cook.

Those are fighting words. Ask any housewife who spends hours preparing an elaborate meal for her family.

That's the point, said Siegle. The little woman works like a dog because she feels cheated by short-cut cooking and all the labour saving devices on the market today.

"A wife is defending her value as a homemaker when she skips easily prepared meals in favour of foreign or unusual dishes that take hours to make," he said.

COOKBOOKS

Siegle reached these conclusions in a study for a new cookbook, "Easy-Do Meals With Sausage."

A look at other new kitchen texts would seem to confirm Siegle's theory, that all women take pride in an elaborate table.

Take "The Slenderella Cookbook" (Putnam) by Myra Waldo. Here are recipes as fancy as any in non-diet volumes, including usually fattening stews, sauces and desserts. The author omits few popular food ingredients but she does cut down the quantity of high-calorie items in favour of tangy herbs and spices and low-calorie vegetables.

Her real innovation, however, is in the dessert section, where she combines a minimum of sugar with non-calorie sweetener to avoid the flat taste of dishes made with sweetener alone.

There's even a recipe for banana cream pie with less than half the usual number of calories.

The woman who wants to build a cooking reputation but

is afraid to try unfamiliar ingredients might turn to Irma G. Matz's "Accent on Seasoning" (Little Brown).

FOREIGN FOODS

It contains mouth-watering recipes. But more important for the novice are chapters on specific seasonings and sauces, plus advice on developing your own recipes.

In the foreign foods category, "The Art of Caribbean Cooking" (Doubleday) combines flavour and economy. West Indian

cuisine relies heavily on seafood and poultry, both usually lower priced than meat in the United States. Author Carmen Abey Valdejalil is Puerto Rican, but she has included in her book recipes from all the Caribbean islands and adapted them.

To give girls a head start in the kitchen, Little Brown has issued a new edition of its 15-year-old "The Fannie Farmer Junior Cook Book" by Wilma Lord Perkins. The revised edition has many more recipes than before, and is designed to train the young miss of 10 years and upward until she's ready for the senior version of the cooking classic.

SAVE THAT WALLPAPER!

—cried painter Eden Box



On the wall a hand-painted Chinese wallpaper.

SHE is a painter with a strange style that is entirely her own. Her pictures of calm green landscapes peopled with solemn children in Victorian pinafores placidly picknicking with lions are unique.

She signs herself Eden Box. Either you love her work—as I do—or to quote one stuffy old darling—you "can't make head or tail of it."

Americans can. She is having her second one-man show at the Betty Parsons Gallery in New York.

I'd heard from the Editor of one glossy Interior Decorating magazine that her dining-room was "madly exciting." So I invited myself along to see it. I found it pretty beyond words—with a hand-painted Chinese wallpaper copied from the Victoria and Albert museum.

Stuck to the walls

"I had it done years ago," she told me, "and it hung in an old house that we left. Then, quite suddenly I heard they were pulling it down—so I rushed round and managed to save it—the paper, I mean."

"It was mounted on canvas before—but this time it's stuck to the walls—so now we can never move again."

The paper, a pale yellow ground, is covered with slim trees, massed flowers and birds and smoky greys, greens and faded pinks.

The same grey-green is used for the velvet upholstery and the Aubusson carpet repeats the greys and pinks. Victorian crystal and gilt sparkles in the wall lights and on the table. Outside the door lurks a lion—but he's only a foot-scraper!

(London Express Service).

Stole In Double Knitting Wool



MATERIALS:

13 ozs. Sirdar Double Knitting Wool, White. 6 ozs. Sirdar Double Knitting Wool, Blue. 1 pair No. 8 and No. 5 Knitting Needles.

MEASUREMENTS:

Width—24 inches. Length—Approximately 60 inches long, not including the fringe.

TENSION:

About 4 stitches to one inch.

ABBREVIATIONS:

K. knit, P. purl, st. stitch, inc. increase, dec. decrease, beg. beginning, tog. together, sl. slip, rep. repeat, cont. continue, patt. pattern, W. white, B. blue.

With W. wool and No. 5 needles, cast on 2 sts. then insert needle between the last 2 sts. k.1, place loop on to left hand needle, rep. from * until there are 84 sts. then work in the following patt.

1st row: Using No. 5 needles, K. 2nd row: Using No. 5 needles, * Insert needle halfway into st., bring wool between the needles,

then over left hand needle, then wool round the right hand needle, draw loop through, dropping off the 2 crossed loops from left hand needle, pulling wool firmly after working the st. Rep. from * to end of row.

3rd row: Using No. 3 needles, K.1, then rep. as given for the 2nd row to end.

4th row: Using No. 5 needles, K. These 4 rows form the patt. Cont. to work thus until 1302s. of the white wool have been used and stole measures approximately 60 inches, ending with the 1st patt. row. (K. row) Cast off.

EMBROIDERY

Cut lengths of B. wool 170 inches long, double in half, thread loose ends through darning needle and overwork each alternate garter stitch band, taking each stitch between its double throw sts. of the 2nd and 3rd rows. Pass the needle through the loop of B. wool when working the first stitch at beg. of row, and darn in the ends of wool at end of row.

FRINGE

Wind the B. wool six times round a book—3 inches across—slip the book off and work on the wrong side of stole pass loops through edge between long stitches. Open out loop and pull long end of fringe through. Repeat along the edges, missing every other space between the long stitches. Cut through loops. Trim ends level.

How Healthfully Do You Live?

By W. W. BAUER, M.D.

Director of Health Education, American Medical Association
HOW would you like to do a little homework? Here is a brief summary of some high points in a desirable programme of healthful living, on a family basis.

Maybe you'd like to rate your home by putting a check mark in the "now" column right now, and then save the clipping and note whether calling these matters to your attention has made any changes in your pattern of living:

ENVIRONMENT

	Now	G.Mo.
1. The home should be located in a clean, quiet, attractive neighbourhood	()	()
2. The home should be kept between 68 and 70 degrees Fahrenheit for adults during waking hours	()	()
3. The home temperature should be adjusted to the needs of infants and old people who require higher temperatures	()	()
4. The air in the home should be moistened to about 40 per cent humidity by evaporating water	()	()
5. The home should be well-ventilated, especially at night, but without chilly drafts	()	()
SAFETY		
6. The home should be lighted sufficiently to avoid accidents on stairways, in closets and in dark corners	()	()
7. The home should be free from accumulations of rubbish which might cause fire and consequent injury	()	()
8. All drugs and medicine should be kept out of the reach of children	()	()
9. There should be no poisons in the home except those which will be used immediately	()	()
10. Children should be trained and drilled in safe practices in the home and on the street	()	()

CHOOSING A CAREER

By ANNE HEYWOOD

EVERY time I see a list of the ten best fields for men, or the ten best fields for women, I shudder. It ought to be perfectly obvious that it all depends on the man or woman.

It's like listing the ten most delicious dishes, or the ten most becoming colours—delicious to whom, becoming to whom, and successful for whom?

BEST FOR A WOMAN

The secretarial field, for example, is always recommended as the best field for a woman. It will enable her to get a toe on a rung of the ladder to success, or it will enable her to meet and marry an eligible man.

Well, it may indeed, if secretarial work is along the lines of her aptitudes and interests.

But if she loves to sell, or is a born nurse, or is dying to be a librarian, secretarial work will give her no opportunity for success in a career or marriage.

It will make her nervous, unhappy, bitter and frantic—four qualities calculated to keep you from success and to make eligible men run a mile!

LOYAL DEFENDER

You'd go a long way before you'd find a more loyal defender of shorthand and typing generally than I am. I have

them, myself, and I know how valuable they can be. But they are not everybody's dish of tea. The sooner we recognise that, the better.

This outburst—I guess you could call it that—is prompted by a letter I received from a mother whose daughter graduated from high school last June. Instead of going to business college, the young girl went right into a sales job in a department store.

"She claims it's what she wants and she's taking night courses in the university in retail sales and advertising," she wrote. "But life in that field is such a rat race. She could find so much dignity and satisfaction in a secretarial job."

"Why, I was secretary to the president of a large organization...."

There, of course, is the rub. Mommy did it, so daughter must.

PART-TIME JOB

The answer to this mother is to get started, right now, on a part-time secretarial job herself. With her children gone, she's got time on her hands. It will be time spent living the children's lives if she isn't careful. But if she'll brush up her shorthand and typing, and get a part-time job, she'll be glad to let them live their own lives!

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The Political Arts Ball

by CUMMINGS

You can't play this game with dummy bombs

NEW YORK. THE bomb-bay doors of the B52 jet bombers hang blamelessly open, like pocket-lintings that have been turned out in a gesture of nothing to declare. But nobody at the Strategic Air Command Base, at Westover, Massachusetts, deludes himself about what goes into the green-lined bellies of the 45 bombers which are there lined up for anyone driving by to see.

Everyone knows that, however mysteriously, the atom bombs are unmistakably there albeit in a more guarded part of the base away from the peering motorists.

There, a ceremonial rather like a hospital operation is going on. Solemnly sheathed in canvas, the bombs are towed to another line-up of B52s all teed up for take-off.

A canvas, bell-shaped screen conceals the lower part of the patient as the bomb (or it may be bombs) is tucked inside. A start off at altitudes well over 50,000 feet, and there is a well-nell of heavy, heated feet. And for all that the bomber crews know when they snatch their

The recent British outcry at SAC airplanes landing and taking off in Britain loaded with II-bombs is shrugged off as "unrealistic" for here, in Massachusetts, they believe that SAC's 3,000 airplanes and 60-odd bases all over the free world have done more to keep the peace than any other factor.

Russia knows that within minutes of striking America or one of the free nations, a steady stream of II-bomb-carrying long-range bombers would start off at altitudes well over 50,000 feet with the ability to



Anne Sharpley talks with SAC aircrews at Westover. They live completely on the base, two minutes away from the bombers.

his crew drew unfavourable comparisons.

Now that you've blown your trumpet why don't you tell her the truth," ribbed his crew. "Ma'am I think you should know that all SAC crews are not drawn directly and exclusively from lunatic asylums."

In fact, SAC crews are the best fliers America has. Mostly veterans from World War II or Korea, their average age is 35 and most have families of two or three children. They are serious men, dedicated men, knowing they can release a power to destroy the world.

"The whole psychology of flying has changed," says Captain Joe Demes, looking back on bombing missions over Germany in World War II. "You cannot take a responsibility like this lightly."

Joe is a radar navigator, a man who knows the mysterious aggregates of dots and bleeps on a radar screen and is able to say "that's Kansas City" or alternatively on a simulated screen, "that's Kiev."

While it is stressed that Russia is not inevitably the enemy, nevertheless it is clearly Russia that must engross SAC at the present stage of world events. And throughout SAC there are men like Joe who know Russia by the code of luminous dots on radar screens that are the bomb-sights of today's high altitude flying.

Crews are on the "alert" a week at a time when they live completely on the base, two minutes from the B52s. Modern wallpaper, curtains with a silk-screen pattern of B52s, huge television sets, chess games, briefing sessions—this is the setting and these are the ways that the idle but tense time of being "on the alert" is passed. Several times during the week the siren will start the heater-skitter, that may end in North Africa or with a nonstop turn-around flight over Britain.

MYSTERIOUS

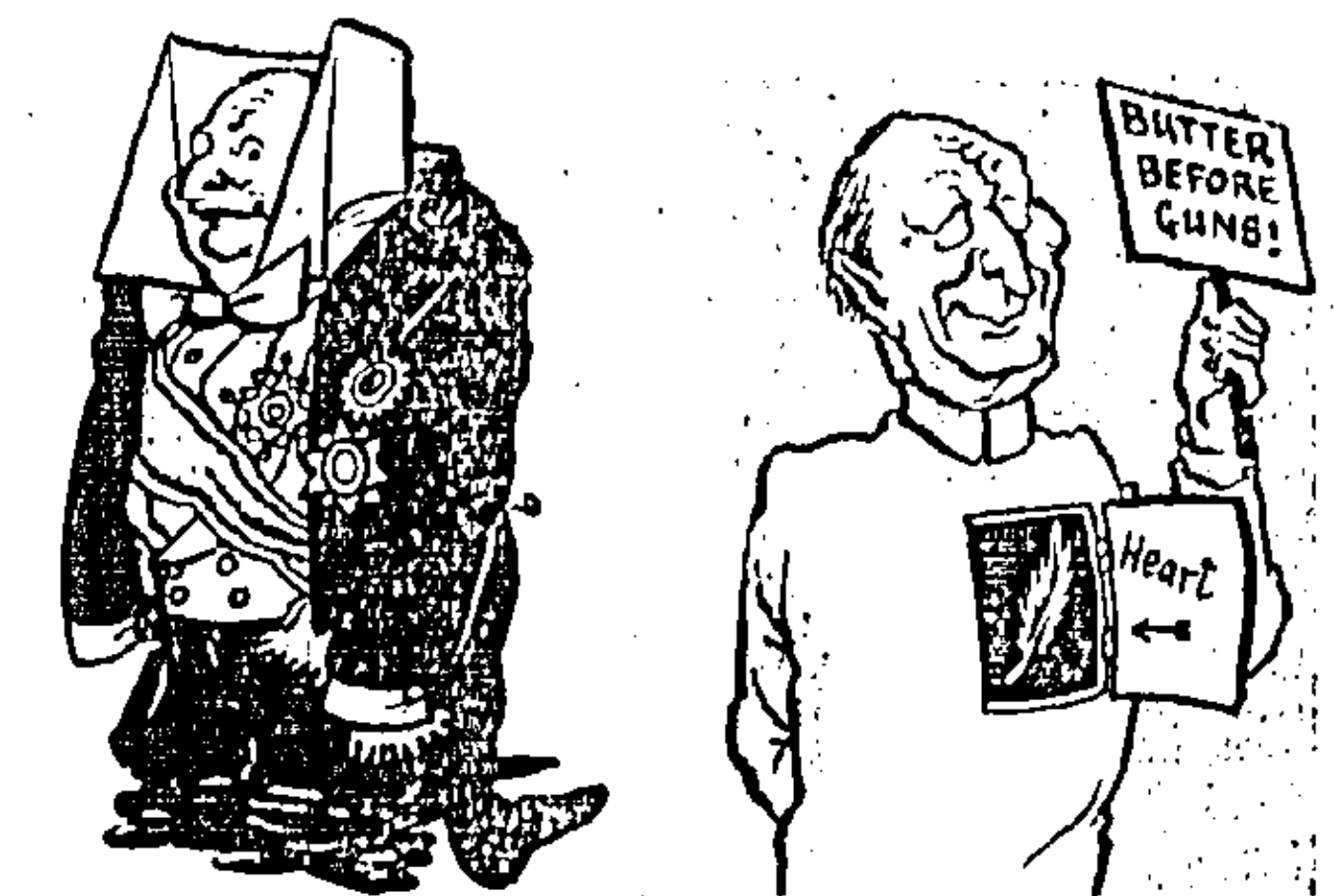
They do not know, until they are in the air, where the great bomber, with its tremendous burden, is going. A mysterious guardian force, they range the world, long-throated and remote, sucked by the massive flying tankers that enable them to fly distances immensely longer than their six thousand mile limit (aerial refuelling of SAC bombers took place on an average of once every three minutes this year).

Their threat is war, but their purpose is peace. Brigadier-general Donald Saunders, commanding SAC at Westover, puts it tersely: this is the most formidable force in military history—a force that hopes it will never be used.

(London Express Service).



Candid snap catches intimate scene under the mistletoe

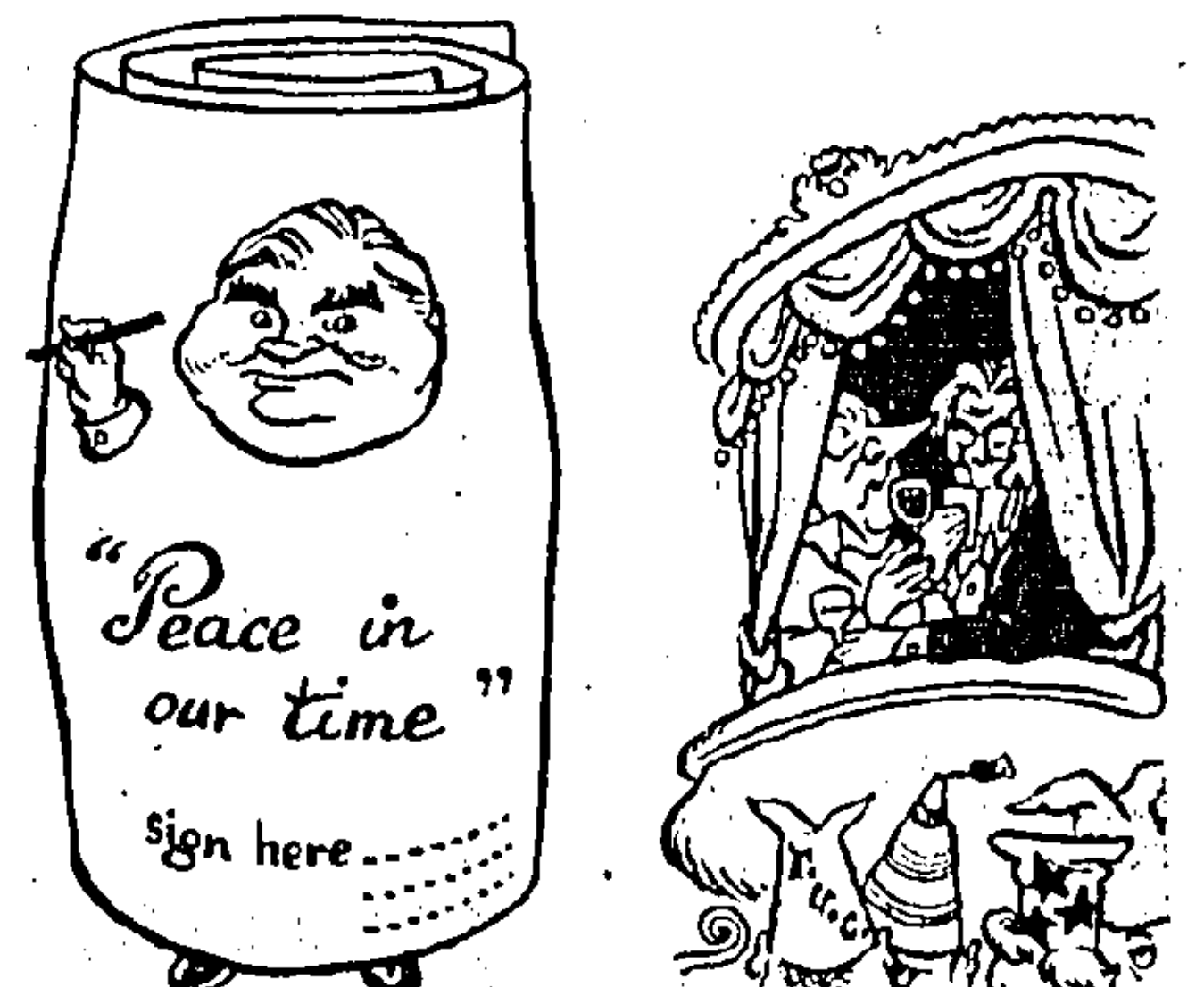


Best fancy dress worn by a Mr. Selwyn Lloyd—impersonating a Foreign Secretary.

Runner-up was Dr. Adenauer as a conscientious objector.

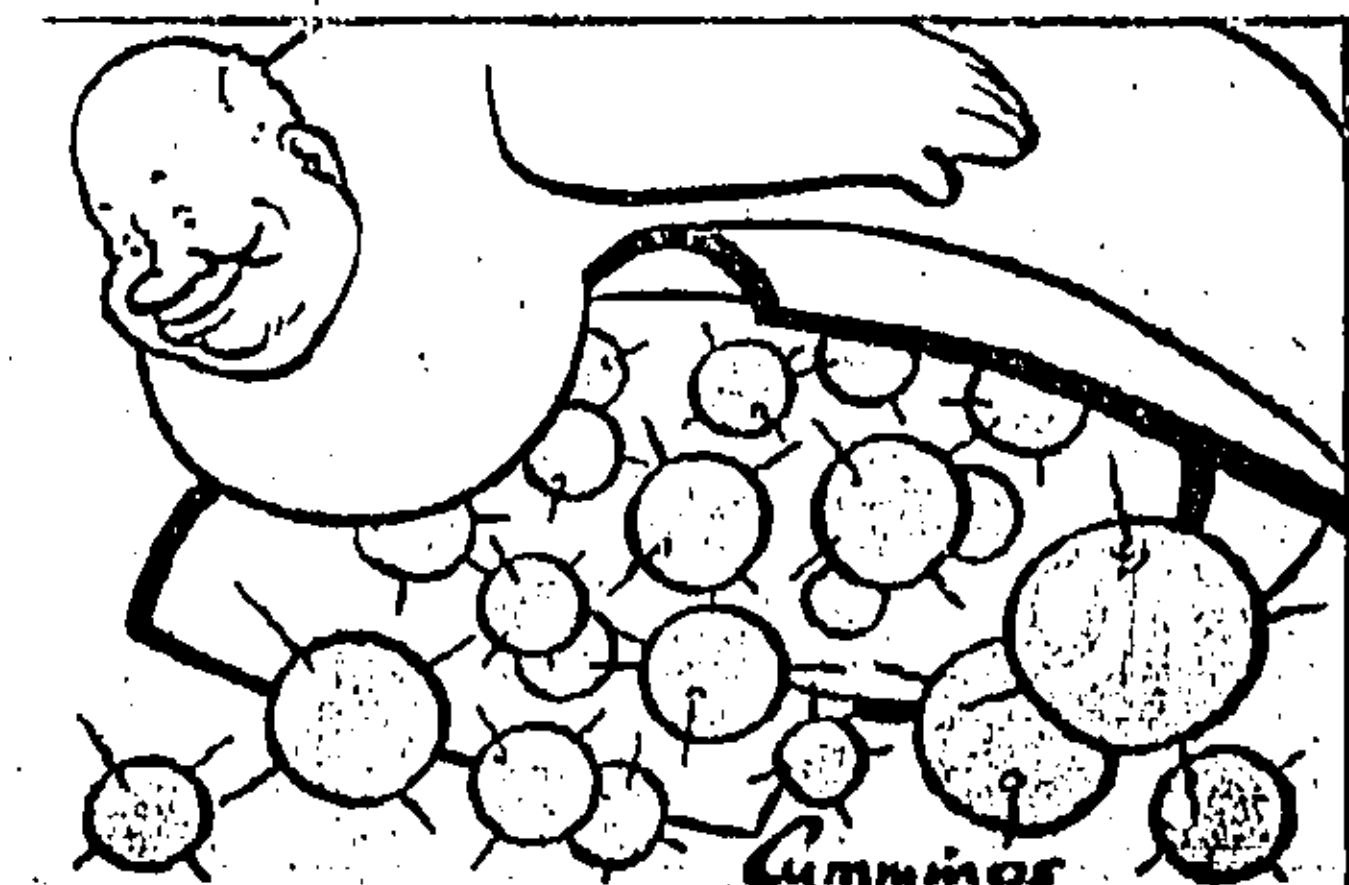


With old world charm Mr. Dulles tries to get a dance with some Middle-Eastern ladies.



Mr. Dezan arrives as an International Treaty.

Mr. Gutsell and the 'Hampstead old-school tie' see keep themselves to themselves.



The grand finale—hundreds of red balloons fall on the gay throng below.

by ANNE SHARPLEY

Although there is no banter or jargon about this sort of war (an aircraft is just an aircraft and an atom bomb is known simply as "the weapon"), they have their moments. "My last landing was smooth as a paint brush," Aircraft Commander Major David O'Sullivan countered as a B52 landed with an alarming series of bumps and

phipoint targets all over Russia. And that is still a nation claiming to have Inter-Continental Ballistic Missile.

AS the nation enters the tenth year of its "free" drug orgy, Sir John Charles, the Government's chief doctor, issues a warning about tranquillisers, the mind-pills which allay anxiety, relieve restlessness, and damp down mental turmoil.

His fear that the regular use of these drugs may ultimately injure the body may be justified.

But he has surely missed the major menace of the mind-pill—the danger that many of the nation's most creative intellects will tranquillise themselves into sterile contentment.

There could be no better illustration of what I mean than a current U.S. medical advertisement which claims: "If the man who murdered Abraham Lincoln had previously been treated with tranquillisers history might have been different."

I say the world might have been different if these contentment capsules had been available for Francis Drake, Clive, Captain Cook, Isaac Newton, Faraday, Beethoven, Disraeli, and a host of others whose achievements derived from a compulsive restlessness.

The emotions which are now medically in disrepute—ambition, restlessness, irritability—have been the mainspring of men's finest efforts.

It is the men of turbulence, not the men of tranquillity, who have accomplished momentous and who will shape the future.

What this nation needs is more anxiety, more restlessness, more irritability. The doctors should not be offering us tranquillisers but "vitalisers"—pills designed to stimulate our bodies to activity and to rid our minds of any feeling of contentment.

The danger

BY damping down the fire in the minds of violent patients tranquillisers are of immense value in the treatment of frank mental illness.

The danger is that they may also damp down the fire in the nation's belly just when it should be roaring loudest. I do not think the Sputnik-happy Russians are taking many mind-pills.

The excessive quantity of tranquillisers being prescribed by family doctors shows that they are not all going to patients with frank disorders.

They are being swallowed by the harassed, the ill-tempered, the highly-irritable, the over-worked, and those who only think they are overworked.

This trend was less alarming while the makers could claim that tranquillisers do not interfere with drive. But careful investigations have now proved that this claim is false.

Dr. Hannali Steinberg and Dr. S. E. Dickerson have tested the most widely used British tranquilliser, methyl-pentynol, on

I warn you now—we are soothing away the will to succeed

20 healthy young men at University College, London. Some were given the tranquilliser, others a dummy drug. All then tackled a difficult task to test co-ordination between hand and mind.

The experiment revealed that though the drug reduced apprehension it also impaired performance.

Worse still, it reduced the "level of aspiration"—the subject's belief that he could succeed in the test. This surely means that the regular use of the drug reduces ambition.

"The effect of methyl-pentynol on human subjects faced with a difficult task is to make them perform worse and mind less," Dr. Steinberg reports.

After testing another widely prescribed tranquilliser, called benzeyazine, Dr. Boreford Davies of Cambridge found that though it does not seem to impair the quality of thinking, it slows down the speed of thinking.

If we deliberately reduce the speed of our thinking in the coming battle for exports, we shall wake up to see the Russians reeling into the distance with the nation's economic trousers.

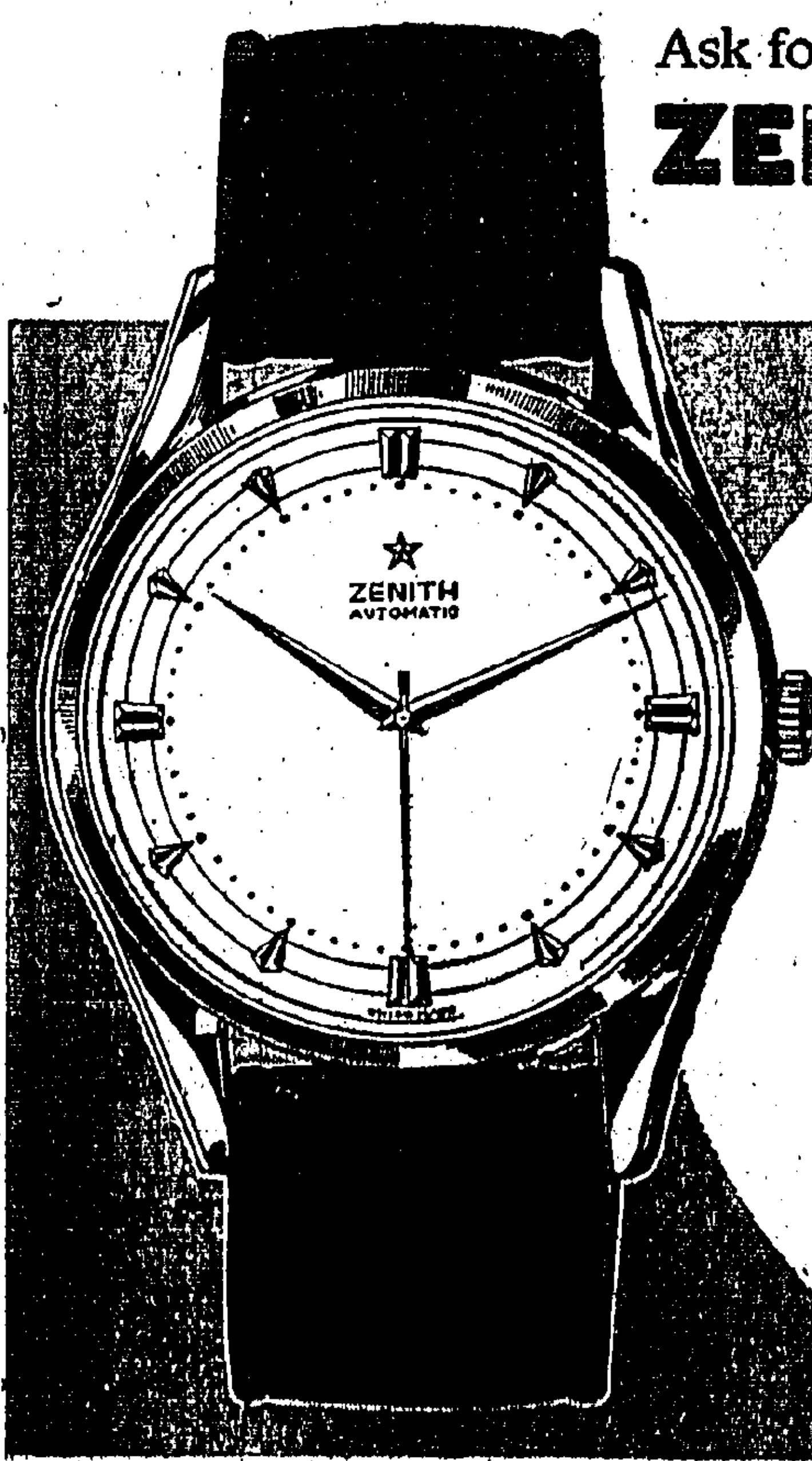
In these tranquilliser investigations the people who felt tense up, anxious, and irritable put up the best performance. There is a simple explanation of why these unpleasant emotions are associated with a speed-up of the human machinery—they are due to the production of the powerful internal stimulant adrenalin by glands located near the kidneys.

Experiments by Dr. Weilmather at the Runwell Hospital, Essex, show that adrenalin is a natural mental stimulant and that tranquillisers reduce the amount of it circulating in the blood.

The Pill Britain needs most

by CHAPMAN PINCHER

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FORGERY?—but my sovereigns are worth more than the real ones...

says the man who has made \$2,000,000 running his own Mint

By
GEORGE MALCOLM THOMSON

MONEY OF THEIR OWN. By Murray Teigh Bloom. Wadsworth and Nicolson. 21s. 302 pages.

MR BLOOM writes, with more verve than grace, about a series of individuals who have carried admiration to its logical conclusion.

Seeing a beautiful object, who has not wished to reproduce it? Seeing an exquisitely engraved banknote or postage stamp, Mr Bloom's heroes were overcome by enthusiasm.

Where others might have been content to admire or covet, they went further. They counterfeited.

These were men who resented the monopoly of mints and banks. Their philosophy was stated in 1912 by a Russian group who engraved in tiny Cyrillic characters on the backs of their private enterprise halfpenny notes. "Our money is no worse than yours."

Mr Jose Beraha, handsome Yugoslav, aged 30, and holder of a valid Spanish passport, takes pride in the fact that the sovereigns he made in his informal mint in Milan contained a little more gold than the products of the Royal Mint, London.

Beraha could well afford this generosity to his clients. When he went into the business, the gold sovereign was worth £2 or upward, more than the cost of the gold it contained. Working on this comfortable margin, Beraha has made 2,000,000 dollars since the end of the war.

With the sovereign no longer legal tender in Britain, what asks Beraha, has he done that is so wrong?

The highest Italian court has recently found against this thesis. Meanwhile Beraha lives in comfort in a flat in Vienna. At least he did so a year ago when Mr Bloom last heard from him.

In a less luxurious apartment in the same city lives Prince Ludwig Windischgrätz, Hungarian patriot, who in 1923 interested some of his fellow noblemen in a scheme to print French 1,000-franc notes. The prince hoped by this means to wreck the economy of France, at that time military master of Europe. In the en-

ding confusion, the Habsburgs would be restored to the Hungarian throne.

The scheme failed through the wretched quality of the counterfeited notes, made by Arthur Schulze, formerly of the Russian Imperial Printing Works.

Windischgrätz pleaded "I do not feel guilty." He was given four years' hard labour. Thirty years after, he still bristles when he recalls his country's ingratitudes.

On an even grander scale were the operations of Arthur Alves Reis, Mr Bloom's favourite. In 1924 Reis discovered that the Bank of Portugal had no official to detect duplicate numbers on the notes in circulation.

Reis sent an associate with forged documents to order banknotes to the value of 100 million escudos from Waterlow and Sons, the London banknote printers. These notes, said the associate, would be circulated in the Portuguese colony of Angola.

Exposure

Reis circulated them in Portugal. After bribing politicians he set up a bank of his own through which the notes were passed to the public. As a final, Napoleonic touch to his scheme, he began buying up shares in the Bank of Portugal.

Once he was the majority shareholder, he argued, the bank could never proceed against him for fraud. He was within a month of realising this

grandiose climax when the truth was discovered. Counterfeiters usually live to a ripe old age. William Norris of Birmingham, Alabama, was active in his profession in his hundredth year. "Like horse-racing," confessed another operator, "it gets in your blood. I couldn't get away from it." After reading Mr Bloom's diverting book, it is easier to understand the insidious power of a notorious art.

TALES OF SAN FRANCISCO. By Samuel Dickson. Stamford University Press. Oxford University Press. 55s. 711 pages.

A COLLECTION of 72 true stories about men, women and events in the history of a

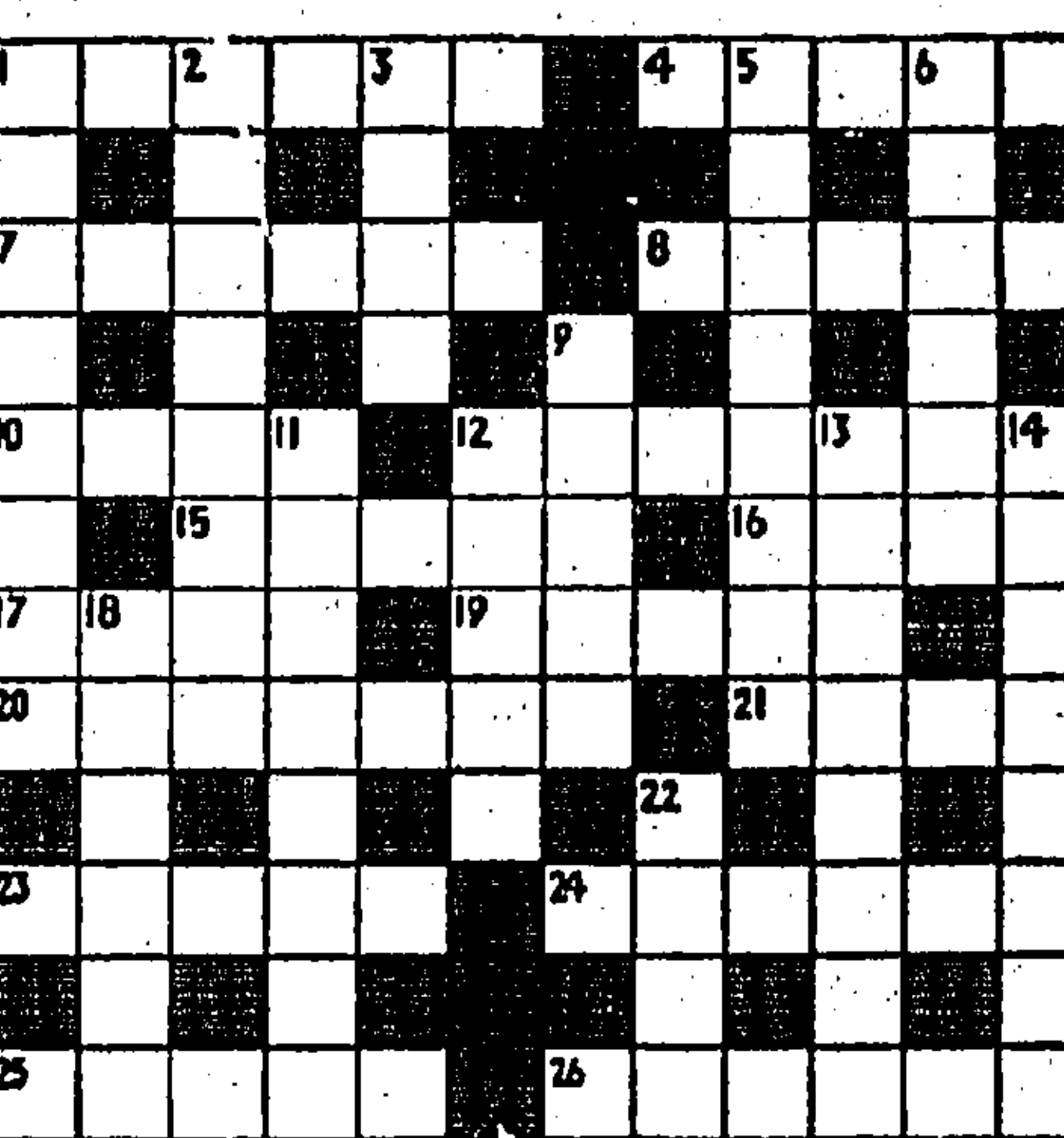
famous, once flamboyant city. Emperor Norton, madman whom the whole city protected; Dr Jones, who bathed in gold dust—to say nothing of Jack London, R.L. Stevenson and Lady Dunsany. A highly readable miscellany.

LOVE. By Stendhal. Merlin Press. 21s. 279 pages.

STENDHAL, who took love seriously as a writer and irreverently as a lover, sums up in this collection his thoughts on the psychology of the subject. After 180 years, many of his dissections are still apposite and arresting. Men and women have changed less than society, and less, perhaps, than they think. Stendhal's candour and unwillingness to be deceived have a stimulating freshness and a flavour.

(London Express Service.)

A British Crossword Puzzle



ACROSS

1. Tipster's head (6).
2. An honour, perhaps (5).
3. Above board (6).
4. A mighty man, was he (5).
5. The bread of idleness (4).
6. Try to equal (7).
7. It's all right (4).
8. Caesar's fatal date (4).
9. Thickest stool (4).
10. May be drawn at night (5).
11. Not likely to be shown at Cruik's (7).
12. Donate, but not still (4).
13. Hold-up (5).
14. Stilted (6).
15. Count the thieves (5).
16. Written in ink (6).

DOWN

1. Revolutionary doctrine (8).
2. Geometrical figure of importance in Washington (6).
3. Mysterious direction? (4).
4. Walking clumsily? (6).
5. Landlord property (6).
6. Common sense (6).
7. Attractive morally (6).
8. Part of a dying fire (4).
9. This calls for a plus sign (8).
10. Highly valued (6).
11. City of Spain (6).
12. Present (4).

FRIDAY'S SOLUTION—Across: 3. Vegetable, 8. Gambol, 9. Lies abed, 11. Acquiesce, 12. Bed, 13. Siren, 19. Hut, 22. Paucity, 24. Sentence, 25. (Mark) Antony, 26. C-harm-er. **Down:** 1. Eagle-ham, 2. Amber, 3. Vexation, 4. Ella, 5. Sate, 6. Ambler, 7. Eldon, 10. Elmer, 14. Vexon, 15. Lesions, 16. Phryne, 17. Agents, 20. Abbot, 21. Rept, 23. Fern, 25. Bear.

LONDON'S TIN PAN ALLEY

THE SVENGALI BEHIND DAVID WHITFIELD

DAVID WHITFIELD'S home is large, ostentatious and expensive. The owner-occupier says: "If I put the house, fully furnished, on the market I suppose I could get \$24,000 for it." That, of course, includes the private bar with the wrought-iron grille.

The house is in Kirk Ella, just outside Hull, where David Whitfield was born 31 years ago, and where he worked until four years ago as a labourer in a cement works.

He had, of course, less salubrious apartments in those days. He calls his new house, Carna, after the title of the song that earned him his golden disc, a token of esteem recording companies bestow upon their employees if they make a record that sells more than a million copies.

Mr Whitfield, just returned from a holiday in Majorca (it was Rome last year, Switzerland in 1955 and Madeira in 1954) sat back in the cushioned comfort of his lounge, sipped at a large brandy, and said: "Decca have sold five million of my records. I now make £40,000 a year from my voice. That voice may be my fortune, but there is more to making the grade as a pop music star these days.

'I suppose I am'

"They say I am the star a music business mogul created from scratch. And I suppose I am."

He put down his double brandy and suggested that we should drive down to his local pub and drink mild and bitter. Because it was, he said, in local pubs and local clubs that he started singing professionally.

Furthermore, he said, he preferred beer, out of a plain pint glass to brandy out of a crystal one.

From behind the mild and bitter he said: "I was getting a regular 30 shillings a concert singing at the Trades and Labour Club in Hull when Hughie Green, who had heard me work at Navy concerts during the war, offered me club work in London. From there I moved to the Washington Hotel (£10 a week and free board and lodging), and that was where my Svengali came on the scene. Svengali said he would make a star of me. He called himself a personal manager, and he told me that for 15 per cent of my earnings he would guide me along the rocky road of show business. Fifteen per cent of £10 a week didn't seem to me a lot then. I didn't know that he would still expect fifteen per cent when I was earning £500 a week. And that is a lot of money. And, by the way, I had an agent who was taking ten per cent of my money for finding me work."

Whitfield's Svengali set to work. The voice of Whitfield, he said, was all right to be going on with. But it would, of course, have to be properly trained later on. His immediate problem, he told Whitfield, was to smarten up the singer—to glamorise him.

"I am not connected," Whitfield said, "but I had always considered myself as a reasonably good-looking bloke. Apparently I wasn't. My hair, Decca now put him on wax with a song called 'I Believe'."

Whitfield, all glossed up and nowhere to go but the record-

ing studios, then said to Svengali: "Now for the music-halls?"

Svengali said: "Only when you have a fast-selling disc behind you, and not a minute before."

A fast-seller

"I believe" turned out to be a fast-selling record. "Now to meet your public," said Svengali, and booked his boy on to a music-hall circuit. Whitfield returned from his first music-hall tour triumphant. He had loved every gentle wave so carefully pressed in by the Mayfair barber and had tried to snip them off with scissors. There was hardly a button left on his Savile Row suit.

He had impressed local mayors with tea-time chit-chat. Newspaper columnists had announced that a star had been born. They were quite wrong of course. A star hadn't been born. A star had been created.

The mauling

We drove home to have supper with Mrs Sheila Whitfield, mother of the singer's two sons and his wife since his recent works days. As Whitfield parked the £3,000 Olas mobile in the garage, I asked Mrs Whitfield, a waterman's daughter: "How do you react to the mauling affection bestowed on David by his fans?"

She said: "Nowadays it doesn't worry me much. Not after I got over that disgusting episode two years ago."

That was when, having gone to bed, the Whitfields heard two young girls creeping under their bedroom window and cooing: "David, oh, David."

NEXT WEEK—The men who write the songs

(London Express Service.)

FICTION SHELF

by PHILIP OAKES

● **THE STOWAWAY.** By Simon, Hamish Hamilton. 11s. 6d. A straight novel (no crime, no punishment) about a French ex-convict and a gentlemanly British card-sharper, who go to Tahiti in search of the lost heir to a cinemagat's fortune. An involved plot that takes time to make itself clear, but a brilliant evocation of the South Seas.

● **THE NEW PEOPLE.** By Meriel Trevor. Macmillan. 15s. Historical novel set in 7th century Britain, told through the adventures of a Roman girl, snatched from her bed by Saxon raiders and taken to the court of the epileptic king of Kent. A skilful and convincing reconstruction of a troubled time—the end of the Roman Empire.

● **ANGEL WITH BRIGHT HAIR.** By Paula Batchelor. Methuen. 15s. Interesting, but stiffly-written account of the Frey-Rothschild Brotherhood, centred on the strange and unhappy romance between Dante Gabriel Rossetti and his muse and model, Elizabeth Siddal. A real feeling for the period, and often funny glimpses through the contemporary keyhole. William Morris, with his spectacles smothered in paint; and Elizabeth, posing as Ophelia in a bath of water warmed by a small stove.

● **RETURN OF CLAUDIA.** By Rose Frank. W. H. Allen. 12s. 6d. Seventh book in the Claudia series, with the all-American heroine on tour in Europe with her husband (the long-suffering David), and children. Light-weight, gaily-jocular, and exclusively for women.

● **THE FORGOTTEN PLACE.** By Honor Croome. Chatto and Windus. 15s. A quiet, likable book about a timid spinster who turns her decrepit family home into flats, and joins that life really can begin at 40. Under-demanding, but most agreeable.

(London Express Service.)

VIGNETTES OF LIFE



Turkey Hash

By Harry Weinert



THE HONG KONG JOCKEY CLUB

SEVENTH RACE MEETING

Saturday 18th and Sunday 25th January 1958

(To be held under the Rules of the Hong Kong Jockey Club)

THE PROGRAMME WILL CONSIST OF 10 RACES.

The First Ball will be rung at 1.30 p.m. and the First Race run at 2.00 p.m. on both days.
The Secretary's Office at Alexandra House will close at 11.45 a.m. on both days.

MEMBERS' ENCLOSURE

NO PERSON WITHOUT A BADGE WILL BE ADMITTED.
All persons MUST wear their badges prominently displayed throughout the meeting.

Admission Badges at \$10.00 each per day are obtainable from the Club's Cash Sweep Office, at Queen's Building, Chater Road, and 382 Nathan Road only on the written introduction of a Member, who will be responsible for all visitors introduced by him.

Tickets will be obtainable at the Club House if ordered in advance from the No. 1 Box (Tel. 72811).

The 6th Floor is restricted to Members and Ladies wearing Lady's Brooches.

NO CHILDREN will be admitted to the Club's premises during the Meeting. For this purpose a Child is a person under the age of seventeen years, Western Standard.

PUBLIC ENCLOSURE

The price of admission will be \$3.00 each per day payable at the Gate.

Any person leaving the Enclosure will be required to pay the requisite fee of \$3.00 in order to gain re-admission.

MEALS and REFRESHMENTS will be obtainable in the RESTAURANT.

SERVANTS

Servants must remain in their employers' boxes except for passing through on their duties. They may on no account use the Betting Booths or Pay Out Booths in the Enclosures.

CASH SWEEPS

Through Cash Sweep Tickets at \$10.00 each for each day and \$20.00 for both days may be obtained from the Cash Sweep Office at Queen's Building, (Chater Road), and 5, D'Aguiar Street during normal office hours and until 10.00 a.m. on the 1st day of the Race Meeting.

Particular numbers within the series 1 to 3,000 may be reserved for all race meetings as Through Tickets. Such tickets will be issued consecutively only and the right is reserved by the Stewards to cancel any reservation for Through Tickets for a particular Meeting if it is found that sales may not reach the number reserved in the series 1 to 3,000.

In the case of two-day Race Meetings, Through Tickets may be purchased for each day of the Meeting provided that the second day is on a day not less than five days after the first day. In all other cases Through Tickets will only be sold for the whole Meeting. Tickets reserved and available but not paid for by 10.00 a.m. on Friday, 17th January, 1958, will be sold and the reservation cancelled for future Meetings.

Tickets over 3,000 will also be issued consecutively but particular numbers cannot be reserved as Through Tickets. The reservation of any particular number does not confer on the registered holder any rights whatsoever unless the ticket bearing the appropriate number is issued to and can be produced by the holder.

The Stewards reserve the right to refuse any subscription also the right to remove any name from Subscription Lists without stating reasons for their action.

Tickets for the Special Cash Sweep on the Pearce Memorial Cup scheduled to be run on 25th January, 1958, at \$2.00 each may be obtained from the Cash Sweep Office at—

Queen's Building (Chater Road) and 5, D'Aguiar Street on

Mondays to Fridays 9 a.m. to 5 p.m.

Saturday, 18th January 9 a.m. to 11 a.m.

382, Nathan Road, Kowloon

Mondays to Fridays 10 a.m. to 4 p.m.

Saturday, 18th January 9 a.m. to 11 a.m.

TOTALISATOR

Backers are advised not to destroy or throw away their tickets until after the "fall flag" signal has been exhibited.

ALL WINNING TICKETS and TICKETS FOR REFUNDS MUST BE PRESENTED FOR PAYMENT AT THE RACE COURSE ON THE DAY TO WHICH THEY REFER, NOT LATER THAN ONE HOUR AFTER THE TIME FOR WHICH THE LAST RACE OF THE DAY HAS BEEN SCHEDULED TO BE RUN.

PAYMENTS WILL NOT BE MADE ON TORN OR DISFIGURED TICKETS.

Bookmakers, etc., will not be permitted to operate within the precincts of the Hong Kong Jockey Club.

By Order of the Stewards,

A. E. Arnold,
Secretary.

WHY IMPOSSIBLE IN HONGKONG?

Junior Teams Should Be

Given A Chance To Upset The "Giants"

Says I. M. MacTAVISH

The once mighty Arsenal, Birmingham City, Luton Town, Aston Villa and Blackpool are all out of the FA Cup. 'The Cup' being what it is, there is little unusual in the big names making an early exit from the competition except that in this case these five clubs share the doubtful distinction of having been beaten and eliminated by clubs from the lower divisions of the League.

The same thing has happened in France where the holders of the Cup have been beaten by an almost unknown team from a little country village and in varying degrees the same sort of thing happens in many parts of the football world except, of course, in Hongkong.

Here the soccer bigwigs are protected behind a wall of rules that prevent them coming face to face with the little teams and so we are robbed of the possibility of the upsets and sensations which are the real essence of knockout football even if club finances are occasionally jolted as heavily as their pride.

There are plenty of folks in Hongkong who will tell you that an all-in Senior Shield simply would not work here as the teams who play in the lower divisions of the League would be unable to stand up to the superior football played by the senior sides. They say the difference in class is too great and that in serious competition the little sides would be swamped by their more famous brothers.

Would It Matter

Probably in 11 games out of every 12 their prophecy would be true, but what would that matter if in the 12th we got an upset, worthy of banner headlines on the sports page?

Nobody really believed that Arsenal or Birmingham City, or Luton Town or any of the other big teams in Britain would ever face the little teams in the competition. How wrong they were and how wrong our football fraternity may be in thinking the same about Hongkong.

The greatest incentive for the little folks in football is a chance to cross swords with the giants of the game and that is true no matter where the battle may take place. Such an open competition could give the Colony's wilting soccer a real shot in the arm.

During the week I have several times been pulled into

conversations regarding the unnecessary situation which arose through a clash of colours during the Kitchee-KMB match at the Hongkong Stadium last Sunday.

The HKFA has been very lenient in the matter of the strips worn by the teams playing under their jurisdiction—and within certain limits that is fair enough, but as in all things where relaxation and tolerance are there comes a moment when complications arise.

Every side playing within the orbit of the HKFA has a set of registered colours and, with the exception of the occasion when these colours clash with those of their opponents, they should always be worn as a matter of rule.

Organised, football is not a type of fashion parade where new styles are worn at the whim of club officials. Registered colours are as much binding as any other rule and regulations of the Association and it should be incumbent on all officials to see that it is honoured.

As far as last Sunday's incident is concerned, I think the referee had every right to expect Kitchee to take the field in the light blue and white strip which they have worn in various "assemblies" during the current season. Instead Kitchee turned out in dark blue shirts and dark blue shorts and while the colours did not conflict with those of KMB, they certainly clashed with the black shirt and shorts of the referee himself.

So Obvious

The confusion was so obvious that it is quite fantastic that the referee did not notice it for himself. On several occasions it was all too easy to see that the Kitchee players particularly the forwards thought the referee was one of their own teammates.

It worried the KMB players too and they must have been very disconcerted by the constant necessity for a quick second look at the dark figure nearby so as to decide whether he was an opponent or the man with the whistle.

It is a sad reflection on Colony football that an experienced official could go right through an important game without showing any appreciation of the confusion that existed between his outfit and that of one of the teams involved and also that he failed to understand why one of the captains appealed for something to be done about it.

As I see it two important questions will have to be answered why did Kitchee suddenly decide to go into a game of this importance in a strip quite different from that which they wear regularly? and why did the referee not do something to eliminate the confusion which resulted from the similarity between his own dress and that of the Kitchee players?

No matter where you turn in the sporting highways and byways at the present time it is impossible to escape the feeling of anxiety among football fans to whether or not Black-

pool will play in the Colony in May or June or at all.

When it was first announced that the famous English side might be able to visit Hongkong there were some mixed feelings on the matter but after the negative football of the Wankar Club there was a very definite desire to see the direct progressive football of a top grade British professional team in action.

A Great Pity

A visit by Blackpool could be the greatest thing that has ever happened to Colony football and it is therefore a great pity that the possibility of seeing them in action is being judged, however innocently, by conflicting Hongkong interests.

I do not mean that comment unkindly. The Hongkong Football Association is the controlling body for the game in this Colony and therefore should surely be entrusted with all the necessary negotiations for a visit from any overseas team. Any variation of that prerogative is a most dangerous precedent.

It is easy to understand the jealousy of the Chinese Football Association to see the famous Blackpool side and Stanley Matthews in action. It has, of course, been anything but a well kept secret for a long time that they had been in contact with other interested persons outside of the Colony with this very object in view.

The rights and wrongs of the CFA's deliberations and actions can be decided by others for as far as the fans are concerned, the thing that really matters is that Blackpool should play in Hongkong they simply could not care less who sponsors or organises the visit. Nevertheless the impression which the double bidding has created outside of the Colony cannot be very good and the Hongkong Football Association made a bad error of judgement when they set the original offer of \$5,000 by other Blackpool agents to one of \$4,500. It may be their costliest unsound \$500 in a long time and in fact it may have gummed up the negotiations—especially in the light of the CFA complications—beyond saving.

Is Possible

It is possible that Blackpool's visit in early May would be a wonderful attraction, but the HKFA obviously realise that even at that time of the year the risk of rain making football difficult could not be ignored. The risk will certainly not diminish during June or July and of course there is always the question of club tours and the demands of the Asian Games depleting the Colony's potential playing strength during the close season. There could be another side to this and it is already being interpreted that the CFA has been given the assurance that there will be no individual club tours to interfere with any plans they may make to put several sides in the field against Blackpool. Future developments will be interesting.

Only One Major Game This Afternoon

—RAF v. Navy

By "PAK LO"

This afternoon the Police are holding their Annual Sports, and as a result the game between them and the Club has been postponed until January 22 when it will be played off on the Club ground under the floodlights at 6.30 p.m.

This leaves one major game still scheduled and that is between the RAF and the Navy, which will take place on the Navy ground at Causeway Bay at 4.15 p.m.

Two other games are scheduled, both of them "friendlies". On the Racecourse ground at Happy Valley the Club "B" will clash with the 49th Field at 4.30 p.m., while on the other side of the harbour at the Army ground at Boundary Street the East Lancashire Regiment, whose abilities are unknown, will play HMS Newcastle at 3.30 p.m. The greater interest for most rugby fans will therefore be at Causeway Bay.

The Airmen have made two changes in their selection today, one in the pack and the other in the three. Martin comes in the centre of the three in place of Hope, while Aldridge is back in the pack with Gascoigne missing. The Airmen have also made some positional switches in the pack, with Southwick returning to the front row, and Phillips dropping back to lock.

This is a much stronger side than many people think, and it is settling down rapidly, and the three, though their passing could improve, have the right idea for they try to move around when they get the ball.

It is a heavy pack with plenty of spirit, and with Walt and Haines as the wing forwards the Navy halves are in for a rough time.

The weakest link in this team is Hogg who has not really settled down yet, but he has shown a steady improvement and this could be his big day. The Navy have one change in their team and that is in the front row of the scrum where Faxby is brought in, but this ought to make little difference to the Navy pack. With Thomas hooking the Navy can safely expect at least 80 per cent of the set scrums, and should share the lineouts in the loose.

The Airmen look a little bit stronger, and they should get the ball from here if nowhere else.

The Navy three line is fast but has a decided weakness in the centre which could affect the whole attack. The RAF three are fast but do not move as smoothly as the Navy, but they are ways attacking and with their strong pack may easily upset the Navy in this game and win, and though this is against all expectations, I select the RAF to win.

Strong Pack

In the Club "B" — 49th Field game the Club have a strong pack, and one which should upset the Army XV in the loose, as well as the set scrums and the lineouts, but the Club three have one strong point and only one in their line-up today, and that is Kirkwood.

Lewis is new, and has speed but his handling is weak, while MacCallum could, if he put some real spirit into his attack, be one of the finest wing three's the Club has. But this he fails to do. Behind them Martin is a good defender, but he cannot cover all his three's lapses, and the Club will probably try and keep the ball tight throughout.

Little can be said of the 49th Field, for they are an unknown force as a unit, though one or two names stand out. However, it should be an interesting game, with the Club "B" pack taking the honours and probably winning the game for the "B" XV.

The Teams

RAF: Hogg, Coombes, Martin, Little, Clark, Taylor, Cornah, Matuocott, Hitchings, Southwick, Steele, Aldridge, Haines, Phillips, Walt.

Club "B": Martin, MacCallum, Kirkwood, Gunn, Lewis, Symington, Hearn, Hogg, Kilvert, Elliott, Carpenter, Berger, Steven, Swinley, Gaul.

Navy: Freeman, Evans, Watson, Alfrey, Hobson, Andrieu, Bruce, Faxby, Thomas, Boscock, Freeland, Montague, Vallings, Bradby, Forward.

SPORTS QUIZ

1. Which Test cricketer has scored the most runs in one innings against England. And what was his score?
2. Whom did Floyd Patterson defeat to become World Heavyweight Champion?
3. Name one of the British boxers who won an Olympic gold medal in 1956?
4. Who is captain of the Australian Rugby Union team now touring Britain?
5. What famous international yachting event will be revived next September?
6. Wales, knocked out of the World Soccer Cup, have been given a second chance of qualifying for the final. Against which country have they been drawn to play?
7. Which country will play Test cricket against England next summer?
8. What was the result of the 1956 Davis Cup Challenge Round?
9. Who have been chosen as No. 1 male and female singles players in the 1957 rankings of the American LAT?
10. What's the name of "Cris" — the famous boxer who scored a record number of runs and centuries in first-class cricket — recently celebrated 75th birthday?

For the answers see page 17.

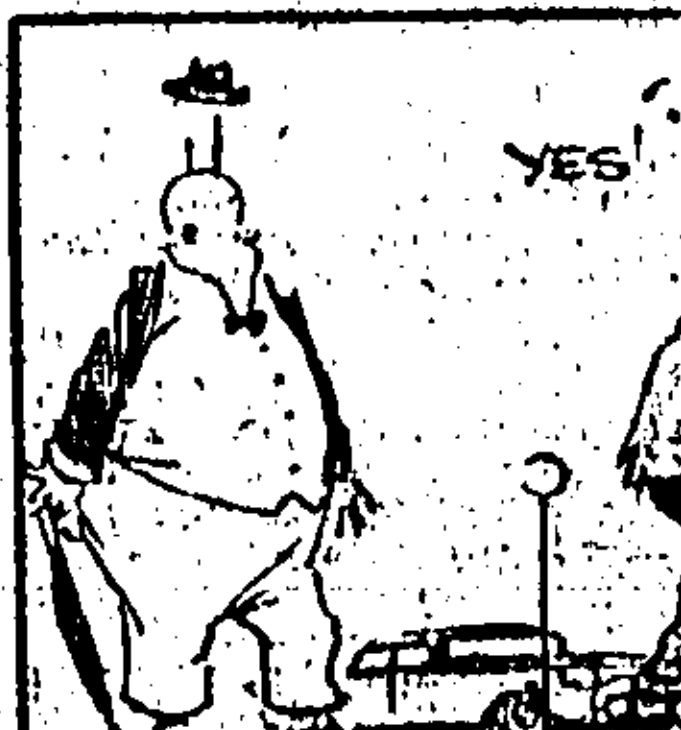


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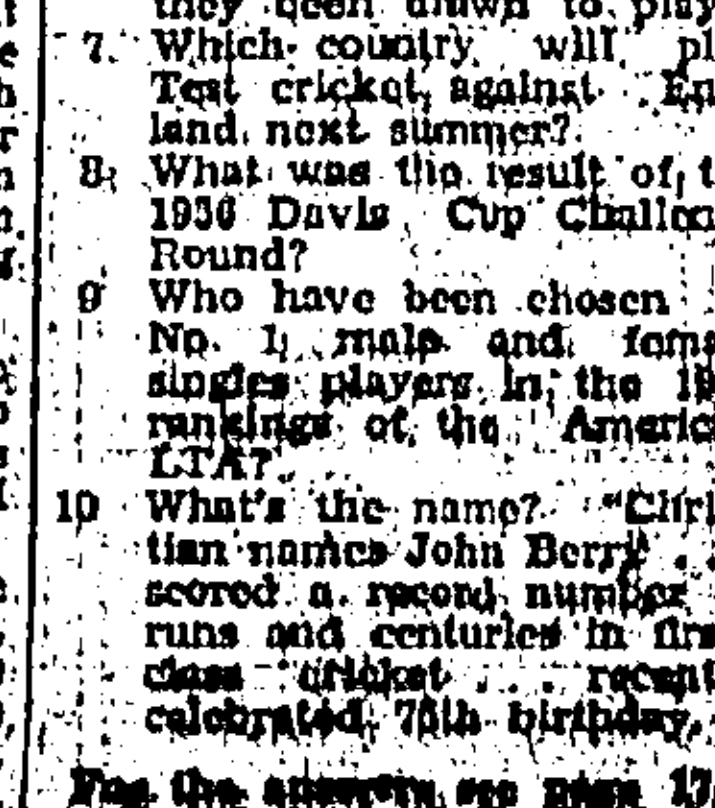
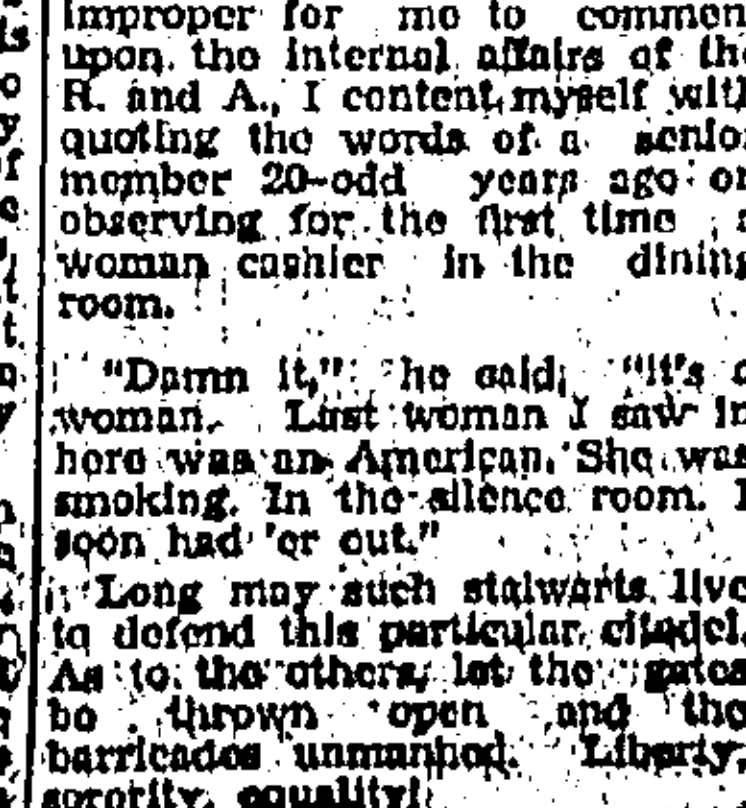
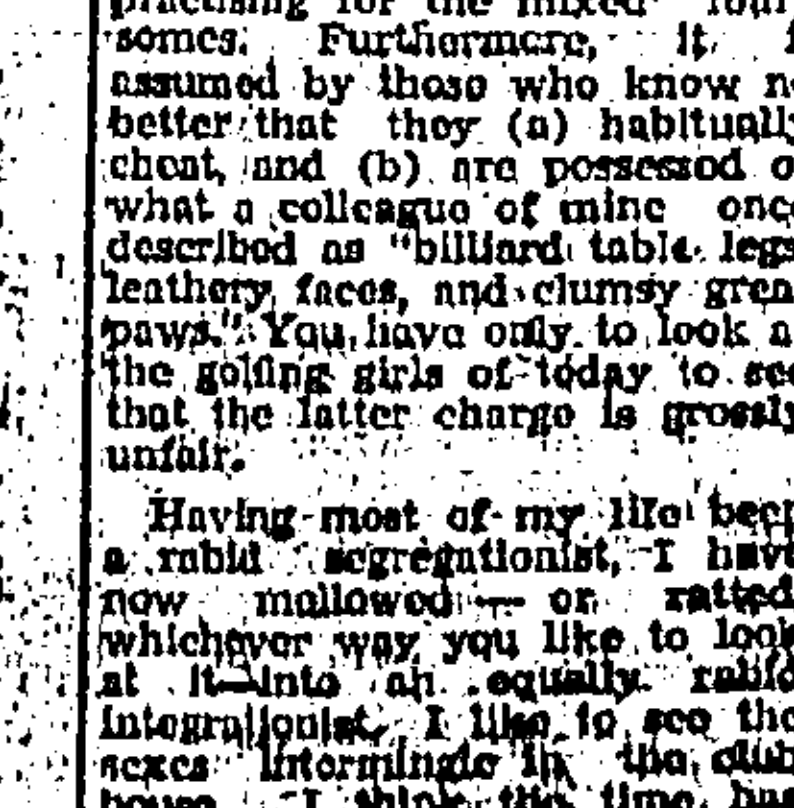
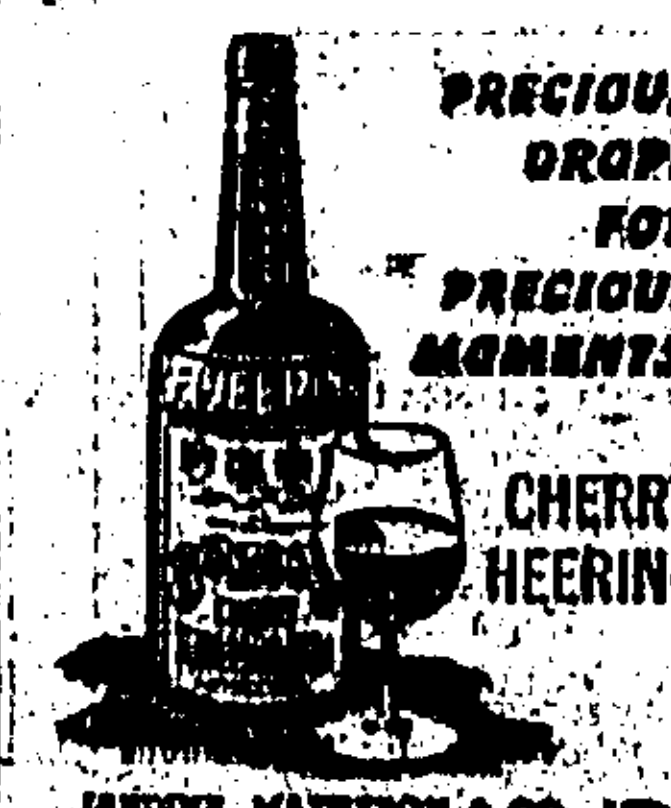
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Mummy's the word



Famous Sports Stars I Have Met

E. H. Bowley

By ARCHIE QUICK

Living in retirement at Petersfield (Hampshire) is that great opening batsman E. H. Bowley, of England and Sussex. In his day the quickest No 1 scorer in the country.

Ted was born just outside the town in a house through which the county boundary runs. To use his own words, he was born "in the western bedroom", so in due course he applied to Hampshire for a trial. He was not retained, so went to Sussex where he was destined to win outstanding fame as opener with either Jim Parks senior or John Langridge. Following them was K. S. Duleepsinhji, with Tommy Cook (also an England football international) at No. 4, and Harry Parks and the Gilligans following on. Quite a side to dismiss.

When his active career was over, Bowley earned great respect as coach to Winchester College where he has since been succeeded by another Sussex man, George Cox. Now 87 years of age, Ted likes to recall that he holds two Sussex first wicket batting records—400 with John Langridge and 368 with Jim Parks. He scored 1,000 runs fifteen times, collected 52 first-class centuries and got 109 against New Zealand at Auckland in 1930.

IN THE PARTY

He played in three Tests on that tour for an average of 40 under the captaincy of Harold Gilligan. Sussex were well represented, for in addition to Gilligan and Bowley, Duleepsinhji and "Rich" Cornford were in the party.

Bowley had also played twice against South Africa in the preceding summer and thereby hangs a story. His very first Test honour was against the Springboks at Leeds. He was to open the batting with Herbert Sutcliffe and Maurice Tate was also in the eleven. The Sussex Motor Yacht Club at Brighton had decided to honour their two Test men with a dinner and presentation, but, by an unfortunate oversight, the celebration was fixed for the night before the Test.

Tate, of course, was an old campaigner and could not care less about a night out before the big day, but it was Bowley's debut, and, naturally, he was not taking any risks. He looked in for a few minutes and then caught the train for London and the North. "Chubby" Tate saw the evening out, was put into a car in the early hours of the morning for London and caught the first train out of King's Cross for Yorkshire. What is more, he got the wickets of Bruce Mitchell and "Nummy" Deane before lunch! Such a man was the late, lamented Maurice Tate. Bowley scored 31 and 48 very satisfactory runs.

TOPSY TURVY

When the New Year dawned twelve months ago Norwich City were at the top of the Third Division South, and their East Anglian neighbours, Ipswich Town, were in the very bottom position. But Ipswich won promotion, and Norwich had to apply for re-election by finishing third in New Norwich, an Swindon, who finished 24th, are challenging for promotion.

"Time Out" On The Weekend's Softball

DODGERS MAY GET EVEN WITH THE SAINTS

Brian London May Surprise Willie Pastrano When They Meet On February 25

Says DENNIS HART

London.

It seems ridiculous. The idea of matching Britain's best heavyweight boxer with an American title-contender is doubtful enough. But to bring over the World's Number Four and put him in the same ring with Britain's Number Five seems altogether absurd.

But it will happen at Harringay on February 25 when Willie Pastrano, rated the fourth best heavyweight in the world and considered by many to be just about the smoothest and slickest of them all, takes on Brian London, who has to give best to four heavyweights in a country which is pressed to produce one of world class.

And one of the men who come before London in the list is Dick Richardson, that burly Welshman who carried so many British hopes before he was given a boxing lesson in every one of ten rounds when he came against this very Pastrano last October.

Tough Citizen

Yet... I shed no premature tears for Brian London. Not it should be mentioned, that Mr London would want tears spilled over him at any time. He is by way of being one of our toughest citizens.

That is one reason why I think he can shock a few people on February 25, including Willie Pastrano. For the good Willie, who sent boxing purists into ecstasies with his left hand work against Richardson, is no killer. He has never knocked a man out during his professional career.

Toughness alone is not enough. Richardson had that in plenty. London has a fair smattering of boxing ability. He can do more than Richardson did. And he can do it faster.

Speed is the essence. Richardson fought as though his bones were soaked with lead. He was always where Pastrano wanted him to be. Pastrano was never where Richardson could find him.

British Squad

London, I fancy, will do better. He doesn't wait around for anybody. There were times when his insatiable appetite for better-known names carried him away. Such as in one of his last amateur bouts when a rough-house with an Italian opponent ended with the Italian hitting Brian in the thumb with his eye. As the bout was in Milan, London and the rest of the British squad were glad to accept armed police protection from a crowd howling for blood.

Brian marked his entry into the professional ranks with a brand of kill-or-be-killed fighting which for legalised savagery has not been matched since gladiators fought to the death in ancient Rome.

This sort of boxing could have rocketed London to world fame. There was also a good chance that soon he would come up against someone as tough as himself and clever with it. That would probably have been the end of the boxing career of Brian London.

No one saw this possibility better than London's chief adviser—his father, Jack London, former British Heavyweight Champion.

Young Brian was at the Tottenham football ground twelve years ago when London Senior lost his title to Bruce Woodcock. Jack London is determined that one day soon he will be at the ringside when Brian brings the title back to the London family.

So Jack London put on the brakes and then changed the course of his son's career. Two years ago, and in the middle of a run of dramatic victories, Jack London declared that Brian would not enter any championship contest for the British title for at least eighteen months. And he trained his son to control his fighting fury, to punch more skillfully.

Brute Force

So it was in August last year that London once again shook British boxing. Only this time it was with the skill he employed in decisively out-punching tough, hard-hitting Kiltone Lave of Tonga in a fight in which brute force was forecast to be the order of the day.

This change of tactics cost London dearly when in May, 1955, he fought another promising British heavyweight, Henry Cooper. London was uncertain whether to charge in as usual or try to box. While he was making up his mind, Cooper piled in with a right with his new all-over in two minutes 35 seconds.

Six Days A Week

Since then, training six days a week whether he has a fight lined up or not, London has been assiduously learning how to batter an opponent in scientific fashion. He has learnt how to make full use of all the target that is offered, to slow his man down with body punches before going for the kill. He has learnt that a combination of three punches will do far more damage than three punches delivered separately.

Pastrano the elusive will present a most difficult target for London's blinding fists. Even with his newly-acquired skill, London cannot hope to outbox his man.

But he may know enough to get in some blows that will hurt more than the pride of the high-ranking American.

(—London Express Service.)

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Sports Diary

TODAY

First Day of Seventh Race Meeting at Happy Valley, 2 p.m.
Senior Shield—Sing Tao v. CAA (Club) 2.30 p.m.
Junior Shield—Happy Valley v. NEMO (Club) 2 p.m.
2nd Division—Prinos v. RANC (Stanley) 2.30 p.m.; St Joseph's v. Telephone (HIV) 2.30 p.m.
3rd Division—CMB v. Rediffusion (HIV) 2 p.m.; University v. CAT (HIV) 2 p.m.; Dowell v. Kin Goo (HIV) 2.30 p.m.
Cricket
1st Division—CCC v. HKCC "Scorpions", Rovers v. Police, HKCC v. KCC, Navy v. RAF, HKCC v. Optima v. Army "North".
2nd Division—KCY v. Army "South", RAF v. HKCC, Police v. DRS Army "North", Centauria, KCC v. Wappa v. University.
Ladies' League—Rovers "A" v. Rovers "B", 2.30 p.m.; King's v. Grenada (HIV) 2.30 p.m.
Annual sports meeting, Boundary Street, 1.30 p.m.
Basketball
Exhibition game at Macpherson Playground, 7 p.m.

Answers To Sports Quiz

- 1 Sir Donald Bradman. 334 at Leeds in 1939.
- 2 Archie Moore.
- 3 Terry Spinks and Dick McGowan.
- 4 Bob Davidson.
- 5 The America's Cup races.
- 6 Israel.
- 7 New Zealand.
- 8 Australia beat USA 5-0.
- 9 Althea Gibson and Vic Seixas.
- 10 Sir Jack Hobbs.

FOR THE RECORD

Arsonal may be wobbling, but their Supporters' Club monthly magazine "Gunfish" reveals that they have members who contribute regularly to the paper from all corners of the Earth. For the record they live in Malta, Northern Rhodesia, Canada, Aden, Holland, Turkey, Ghana, Mauritius, Bermuda, Switzerland, Portugal, Ireland, Panama, South Africa, Denmark, Australia, Sweden, Gibraltar, Brazil, West Germany, Norway, New Zealand, U.S.A., India, Kenya, Luxembourg, Yugoslavia, Belgium and Austria.

Tomorrow's Best Match In The Senior League

The League leadership in the minor division changed hands last week when the Cheyennes scored a convincing victory over their arch-rivals, the Seminoles. This week the opportunity to make the Senior League a more interesting one will come the way of Fred Diesta's P.I. Dodgers.

They hope to get even with the champions, the Saints, by avenging their earlier narrow defeat of 3 runs to 1 and so gain the honour of being the first team to lower the colours of the Jokeys who so far remain the only unbeaten side in the three softball leagues. It would be no exaggeration to say that the Dodgers' hopes hinge on whether or not speedball artist Vic Pedruco will be available for pitching chores.

This game is down for 11.30 a.m. tomorrow and is the pick of the five scheduled. South China having withdrawn from the Junior League, there is only one game slated for this afternoon at 3.30 p.m., that between Sheridan Ham's Comets and Robert Remedios's Cheyennes.

Weakness in the catching berth cost the Comets the first game when they bowed to the Cheyennes by 11 runs to 5, no less than eight stolen bases being credited to the winners who capitalised on the lobs to second and third to literally run rings around the Comet infield.

This time, although the possibility of a Comets upset victory is quite remote, manager Homet is resolved to put up a better show and has assigned Tommy Chadd to be on the receiving end of Goodall's pitching.

The Cheyennes cannot take any chances of dropping this game and will certainly turn out in full force. It will take more than a wish and a prayer for the Comet batters to get the range of "Clgar" Sequitate's tricky spins. All-round superiority should see the League leaders stay firmly entrenched at the top of the League table.

Every Prospect

Tomorrow at 10.00 a.m. the bellies of the Hongkong University keep an appointment with C.C. Lee's Overseas. Frances da Silva tossed a no-hitter for the U in the first game and there is every prospect of her doing it again.

Apparently somewhat disappointed by the high scoring against them, the winless Overseas failed to put in an appearance last week. They are learning how to play softball the hard way and such patience surely will not go unrewarded—if not during this season, then in the next. The University girls outclass them in all departments of the game, so this should be a one-sided affair witnessed by a handful of loyal fans.

The biggest attraction of the week will be the Dodgers versus Saints tilt. Fred Diesta's boys get another crack, their last, at Blimbi Abing's veteran Saints and once again it's experience pitted against youth.

Opposing hurlers, Pedruco of the Dodgers and Salleh of the Saints will match strikes and a reputation of their earlier pitching duel should be seen. Pedruco gave up one measly hit to P. C. Wong in the first game while Salleh allowed only two singles and the Saints won mainly through ragged infield play by the Dodgers.

The Dodgers have dropped three decisions while the Saints have won seven straight. The Jokeys are certainly not playing championship ball to justify their position in the League standings. Against the tough CAA they encountered unexpectedly stiff opposition and it is a well-known fact that the Dodgers are a much better softballing nine than the Athletics.

"Irritating"

The Dodger fortunes are dictated by one man—Vic Pedruco. If this strong hurler gets good support from his teammates, the Dodgers have every chance to do the Warriors a big favour by being the first team to knock the Saints off the top rung of the Championship ladder.

Any Dodger hurler other than Pedruco will turn this into a "no contest" affair. On the other hand the Saints place more reliance on teamwork than on the shoulders of pitcher Salleh.

The Jokeys' irritating habit, to other teams that is, of winning games and Penants without having to resort to the poaching of established stars can be attributed to playing experience more than anything else.

Old reliables Dave Leonard, Sherry Bucks, Benny Omar, Arthur Ozorio and Meme Xavier.

plus the sidelines guidance of "Showboat" All, Jindoo Hussain and mentor Abing have done yeoman service for the Saints.

Strengthened by the inclusion of the base-stealing Ismail brothers and sluggers L. C. Poon and P. C. Wong, the Saints are a formidable force to be reckoned with even on their off-days.

Admittedly pitcher Salleh is just a shade weaker than Pedruco on the mound, but the big difference is that he has a "team", in every sense of the word, to back him up—a nine that can pull every trick out of the bag plus some new ones they dream up as the game progresses.

Better Teamwork

The Jokeys' better teamwork and guile should see them ring up victory No. 8, but only by the barest of margins if opposing hurler Pedruco strikes top form.

Two entertaining games are down for the afternoon. At 2.00 p.m. the Seminoles, now lying second in the Junior League, meet the War Eagles. The latter's Lau Man-long held the tribe to three hits while his side banged out 10 off the weak offerings of Baker Hussain in the previous meeting which the Seminoles won by only two runs.

The Eagles actually enjoyed a short-lived lead for a few innings until the Seminoles rallied strongly to just nip them at the post. Despite Lal Dayaram's poor showing on the mound for the Seminoles last week, it is probable that he will hold the flag as the Eagles have shown that they can hit Hussain at will.

The Seminoles' steadiness should see them through, but one thing is definite and that is that a deputation from the Cheyennes will be sent to the stands to cheer for the Eagles while his side hangs on, it is extremely difficult for any team not to be rattled by the sideline taunts from the Cheyennes' Danny Ullman & Co.

Final Game

The final game of the day gets going at 3.30 p.m. when Mark Kwong's Athletics take on D. S. Ling's Pandas who are enjoying a very lean season due to the absence of regular pitching star Jackie Wei.

These two teams previously battled for eight thrilling innings before the Athletics upset the Pandas by 9 runs to 6.

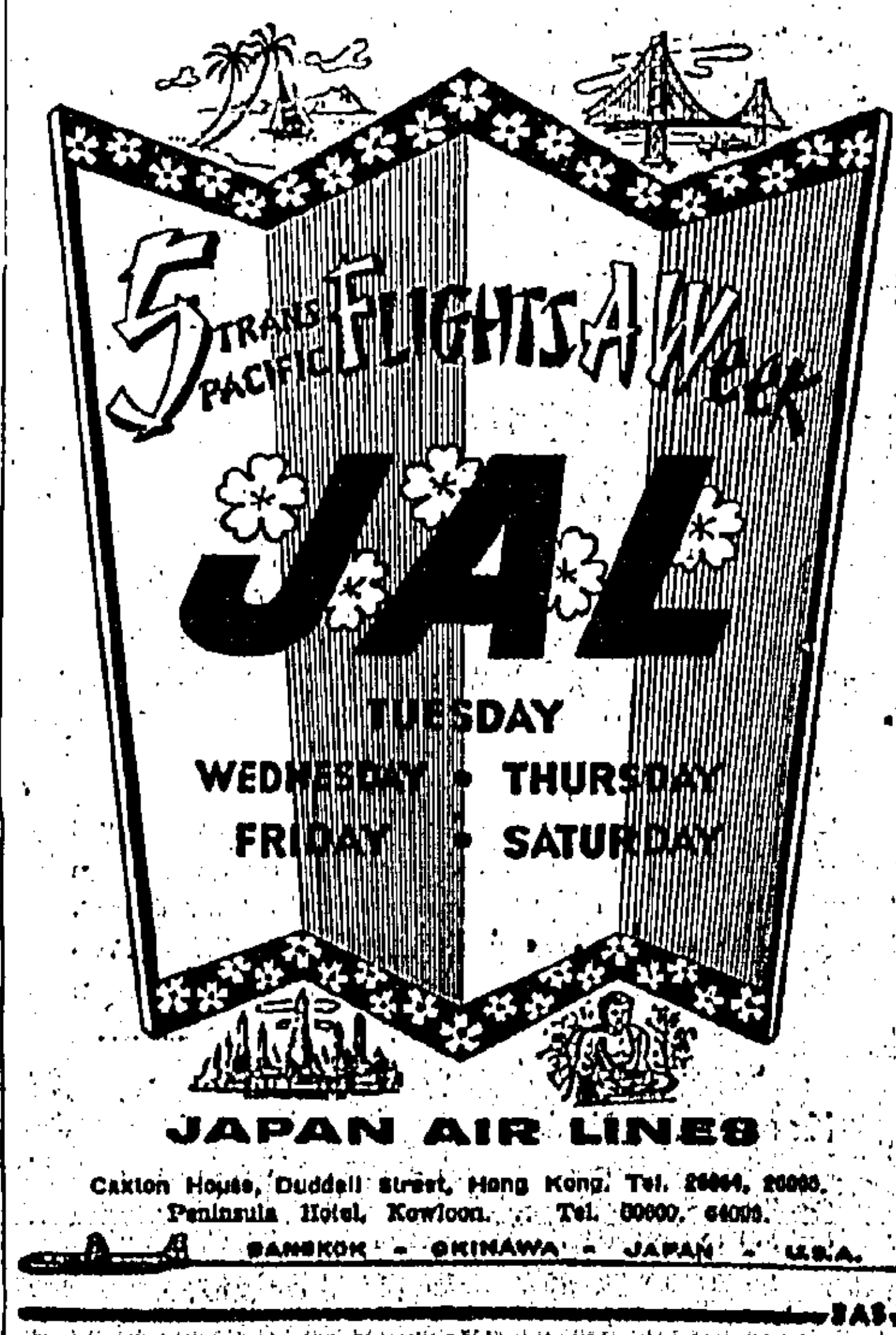
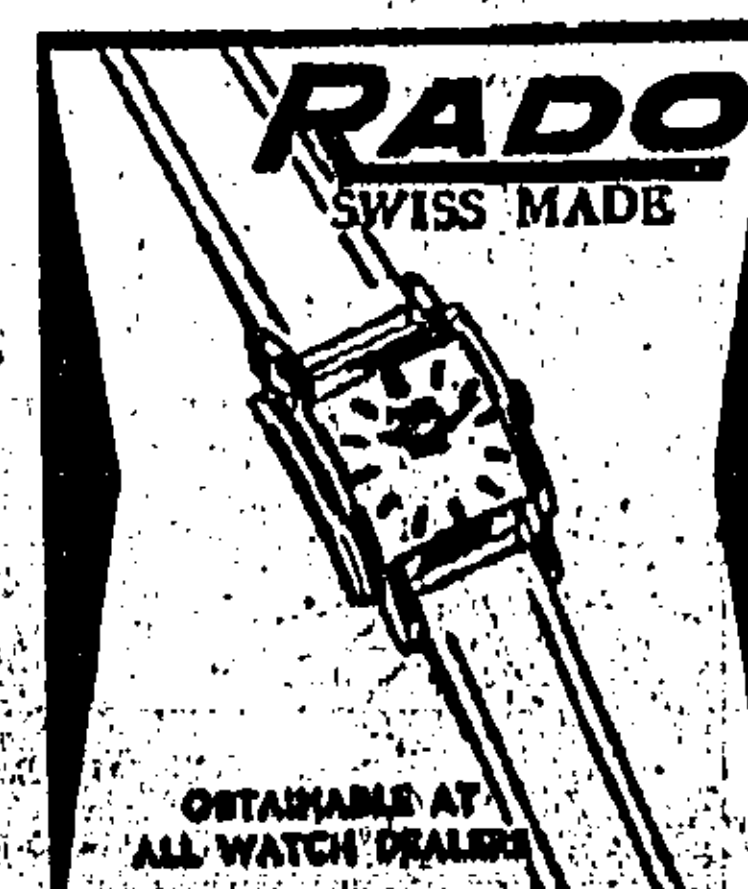
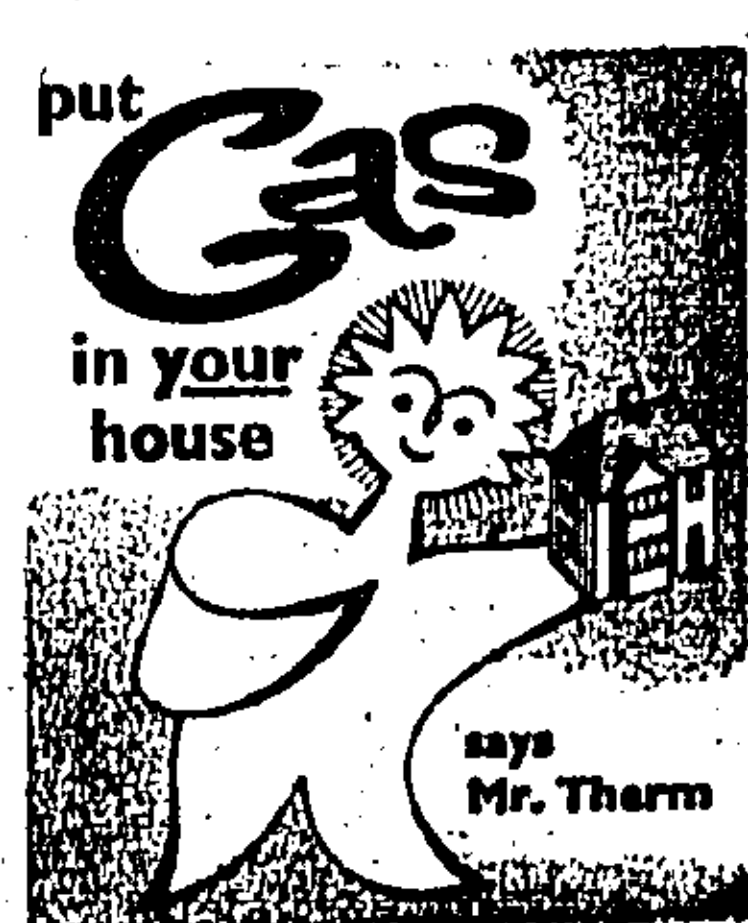
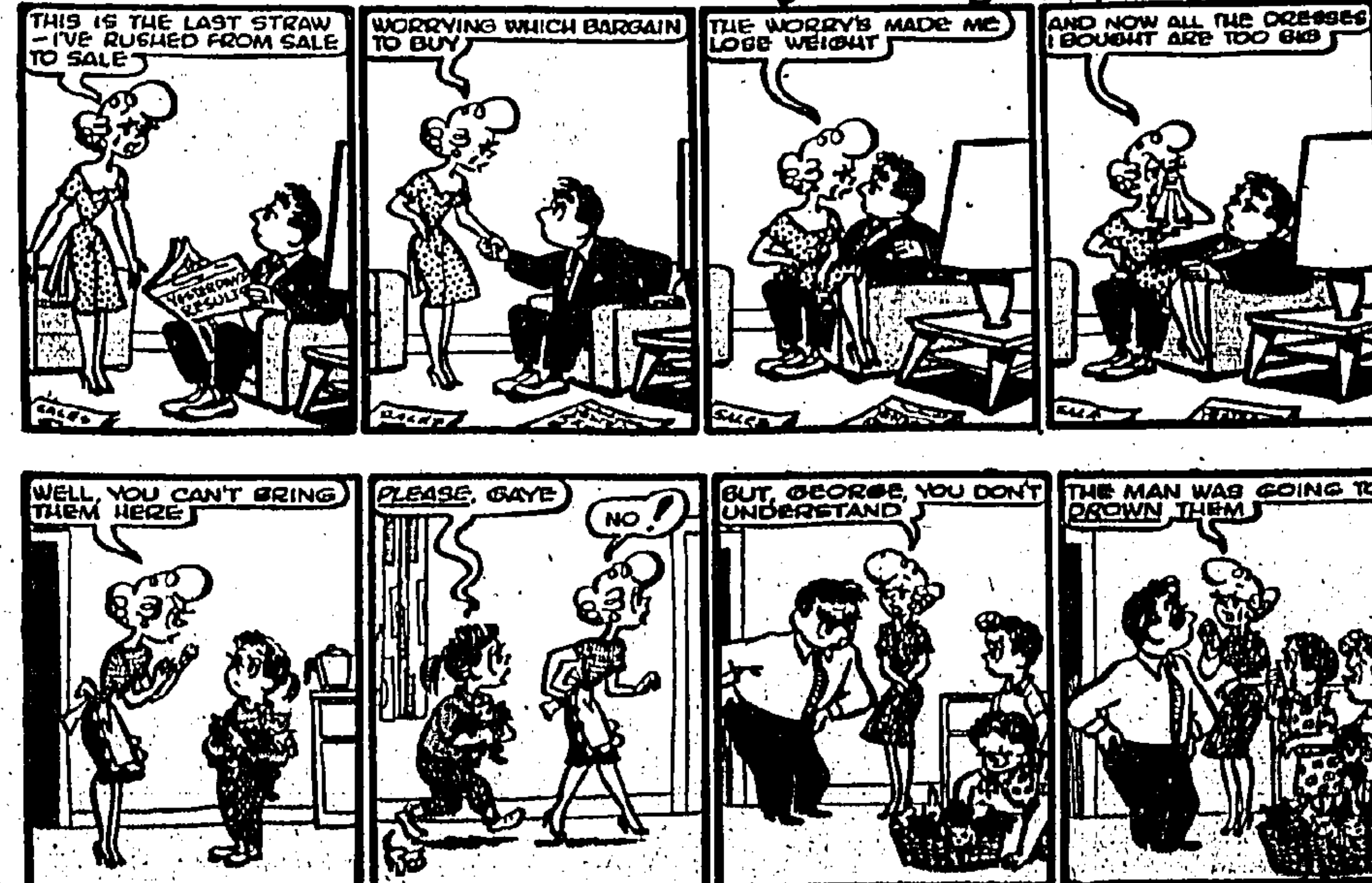
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THE GAMBOLS by Barry Appleby



FEATURES FOR BOYS AND GIRLS

TWO GREAT MEN CELEBRATED BIRTHDAYS THIS WEEK

By PIDGE EARLY

THE greatest invention of this age, atomic power, was first used to destroy and kill. How different seem the motives of our early colonial inventors, whose first purpose was to serve, to improve.

January 17 marks another anniversary of the birth of Benjamin Franklin, foremost among early American scientists. Each moment that he could spare from his business, he devoted to inventions that would make life more enjoyable for everyone.

Much is told of his kite flying and electrical experiments. A neighbour wrote that the candles in the Franklin shop burned far into the night, the latest in the town, and that Franklin was seen starting off for work again each morning at daybreak.

Whatever he undertook, he did thoroughly. His diary shows an insatiable example of how one can progress and improve himself if he is determined and patient.

Franklin was not only an inventor. He was an extremely versatile man, who received many honours in his day. One which he cherished was given him by France, when that country rechristened the quay at the port of Ayr "Quai Benjamin Franklin." It was there that Franklin had landed when he arrived in 1776 to represent the colonies—America's first ambassador.

He was an unassuming type of gentleman, yet polished in manners and deportment. He wore a plain drab suit, whose ruffles were undisturbed by rain, yet he won the hearts of the French court with his courtesy, wit and brilliance. Many, many years have passed, 179 to be exact, and the name of Franklin is still a familiar name in that nation. A statue of him stands in Paris and a street there is named for him. On the wall of a small Parisian cafe named "Le Franklin" is a

mural of Franklin flying his kite.

There is a room in the Paris city hospital whose door designates "The Franklin Room." This was equipped and is being maintained by the Franklin Chapter of the Daughters of the American Revolution, a chapter made up of American women residing in France at the time of its gift. Any American—man or woman, boy or girl—needing medical attention in Paris can claim free room and a doctor's care in memory of one of the kindest and most sympathetic men of all time. It is a fitting tribute to him, because he sponsored the movement by his close friend Dr. Thomas Bond of Philadelphia, which started and endowed the first hospital in America—a fine achievement.

Because he had learned to control his temper and hear both sides of any question, Franklin was often called upon to settle arguments between other statesmen. Men like Washington and Jefferson respected his advice.

Today we can still learn from Benjamin Franklin's example. He developed himself as much as he could, he made himself as useful as possible. Time doesn't erase the achievements of a person who works for the benefit of others, who builds foundations for others to climb upon.

Let's make sure we use our atoms to build, not to destroy.

LEE WAS SUPERB LEADER

Every year on January 19, the schools, banks, stores and other businesses are closed in Alabama, Arkansas, Florida, Georgia, Kentucky, Louisiana, Massachusetts, North and South Carolina, Tennessee, Texas and Virginia. This is done to celebrate the birthday of a great man and a great general, Robert E. Lee.

Although other states do not declare his birthday a legal holiday, they have always admired Lee and considered him one of the finest of men, even when he was their enemy general during the Civil War.

To fight on the side of the Confederacy against the flag he had once served was one of the most difficult decisions Lee ever had to make. President Lincoln offered him the command of the Federal troops. A graduate of West Point, Lee had served in the United States army for years and fought in the Mexican War. He was known to be a very able man. But his own state, Virginia, withdrew from the United States because of disagreements over the question of slavery and many other matters, and he felt that it was his duty to be in Virginia.

He did so in spite of the fact that he did not believe in withdrawing from the United States. Nor did he believe in slavery. And it must have been very painful for him to fight the men who had been his fellow officers before the war. Another man might have decided just as firmly in a different way, but Lee felt that his duty was with his native state, his home.

DUTY MOST IMPORTANT

The most important aim in life, he said, was to try to find the right thing to do and do it at all costs. He wrote to his son: "I know that wherever you may be placed, you will do your duty. That is all the pleasure, all the comfort, all the glory we can enjoy in this world."

Perhaps this sounds solemn, but Lee was far from being stuffy. He was universally loved, and people sought his company. A fellow soldier writes that Lee won warm friendship and commanded respect. "for he was full of sympathy and kindness, genial and fond of conversation."

Lee is considered one of the greatest military strategists of all time. He studied the personalities of his opponents in order to outguess them. When General McClellan with much stronger forces, he sent one-third of his army off to capture another city. The officers under him thought this was a very risky thing to do, but Lee ex-

plained that there was no danger because McClellan was such a cautious man that he could never imagine that his enemy, already outnumbered, would try such a daring exploit. He was right, and McClellan's plans were often upset by Lee's clever manoeuvres.

LOSES "RIGHT ARM"

One of the gravest defeats Lee suffered in the war was the loss of General "Stonewall" Jackson, who was accidentally killed by his own men. His left arm was shot off, and he died a few days later. Doctors in those days didn't have the advantages of our modern medical discoveries.

Lee's servant later told how Lee was shot off, and he died a few days later. Doctors in those days didn't have the advantages of our modern medical discoveries. Lee's servant later told how Lee was shot off, and he died a few days later. Doctors in those days didn't have the advantages of our modern medical discoveries.

After his defeat at Gettysburg, Lee walked sorrowfully over the battlefield and looked at his casualties. "All this has been my fault," he said, even though some military experts feel that the battle could have been won if his subordinates had carried out his commands as they should have. It is the mark of a fine leader that he can publicly accept full responsibility for not only his own actions, but those of his men.

Because he had qualities like these, Lee's men cheered him and wanted to carry him on their shoulders, even in defeat. Northern General Grant refused to accept his sword when he surrendered finally against hopeless odds. Theodore Roosevelt thought he was "the very greatest of all the captains that the English-speaking peoples have brought forth." A man who has written books about him gives him high praise when he calls him simply, "a Christian gentleman."

SHORT STORY ABOUT A TORNADO—

WISDOM OF A SIAMESE CAT

By LEO WEST

TERRY LAWTON first saw the mushroom-shaped cloud from the window of his room, where he had gone to look for his Siamese kitten, Abu.

Although it was mid-afternoon, darkness suddenly surrounded him. His heart almost stopped. Here he was, all alone in the house, except for Abu, who usually leaped into his arms from the floor as soon as he got home from the drugstore, where he worked after school. Where was Abu? The funnel-shaped cloud was much closer now, and he could hear a distant roaring that sounded like a million freight trains. Suddenly three bicycles tilted upward, then rose as if lifted by invisible hands and go swirling out of sight into blackness.

Something big struck the roof above him. The house trembled. There was a crash of glass—and then his ears hurt as if they were being stabbed.

He was halfway down the basement stairs—already shuddering under his feet—when he remembered Abu again.

The Seal Point Siamese had been given Terry by his boss at the drugstore. At first Terry hadn't liked Abu because he learned that some of Abu's ancestors had guarded the tombs of the emperors in the Far East, he seemed to understand the fierce look in the turquoise



blast even though he couldn't hear it. As if the purring wasn't enough, Abu opened his jaws and seized Terry's thumb. Terry felt the sharp teeth and knew that Abu was double glad to see him.

THERE WAS NO TIME to get to the basement now. The house seemed to be melting from around them. He hugged Abu tight and crouched over him.

Suddenly there was a silence so loud it was even more painful to his ears than the noise had been. He looked out at the storm. The house had been born and brought up in, only the fireplace remained upright. As far as he could see down the block not another house was not another object remained upright, and yet across the street homes remained untouched. Already some of the neighbours were coming out on the front porches. He heard the familiar voices of his father and mother calling.

"Here I am," he yelled and came out of the fireplace.

His father and mother hugged him again and again. "We were so afraid you had gone to the basement!" said his mother. "It was filled with wreckage." Then, feeling Abu in his arms again, Terry realised just how wise with the wisdom of the East Abu really was.

HERE'S A GOOD JOKE ON THE TEACHER

By HAROLD GLUCK
(A Teacher)

At present, teaching geography is not a very difficult task for this teacher.

I say, to little Marie, "Show me where France is on the map."

Marie arises from her seat and goes to the front of the room. She takes the pointer and shows the class the location of that country.

If the children want to ask me any questions about any city, country or continent on

this world, I am prepared to give them the correct answer.

After teaching for a period of years, this teacher has learned the kinds of questions that his students will ask and has the answers at the tip of his fingers.

So I can boast with lots of pride, "Go ahead and ask me any question in geography in this world."

But confidentially speaking, I am terribly scared. Because my students are talking about space ships.

What will happen when our first expedition to the moon lands and sends back reports? Then one of the students will say to me, "Teacher, where is

Moon City?" And I'll be stuck. I don't know the answer.

Then another student will say to me, "What are the three leading products they raise on the planet Mars?"

It really is going to be a tough job for one teacher to know all about geography in the days to come when students will have to study galactic geography instead of just plain world geography.

Instead of one round globe in the room I probably will have to have a couple of thousand of them. And when I point to one little globe and remark, "Now on the planet Venus, there are three important cities—know what scares me?"

Little Ann who sits in the third seat of the fourth row will very gently remark to me, "Oh, teacher, you made a terrible mistake. By about a

couple of trillion miles. That isn't Venus you are showing the class but Asteroid XZ. Shame on you for little Ann is right."

Maybe my principal will send for me and tell me the good news.

"Next Saturday you are going to take your class for a trip, to the star C-17A. We have hired a space ship for the occasion."

That may be wonderful. Neither teacher nor the students know anything about Star C-17A. At least we can all be ignorant together, until we get there.

Maybe I ought to quit teaching and retire as soon as the first space ships land somewhere, somewhere, in outer space. I am getting a wee bit too old to learn about the things we will have to know in school tomorrow—or 50 years from today.

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Rupert and the Thinking Cap—28

As Rollo has expected, the Gipsy Granny is very interested in Rupert's tale and listens to every word. "Tell me, little bear," she says, "have you never heard your friend, the gipsy-pig, wish for anything?" "Well," laughs Rupert, "today he said he wished he were

not so small, when I looked over a bush and he couldn't see me. But that's got nothing to do with Santa Claus and Christmas presents, has it?" To his surprise the old lady makes no reply and, rising slowly, leaning on her stick, moves thoughtfully away from them.

MUNCH TOOK POT LUCK

And Travelled by Rainbow Around the World—

By MAX TRELL

KNARF, the Shadow Boy, with his friends Teddy, the Stuffed Bear, and Hiawatha, the Small-Sized Woodchuck, were sitting in the beautiful big drawing room belonging to Baron Munch.

Baron Munch lived in his own house at the end of Storyteller Lane, which runs behind the bookcase.

"Well now," said Baron Munch, as he sat himself down in a comfortable chair by the window, "I suppose you'd like me to tell you a story."

At this, Knarf, Teddy and Hiawatha all said in one voice that there was nothing they would enjoy more.

Looked Like Rain

Baron Munch glanced out of the window. At that moment, a

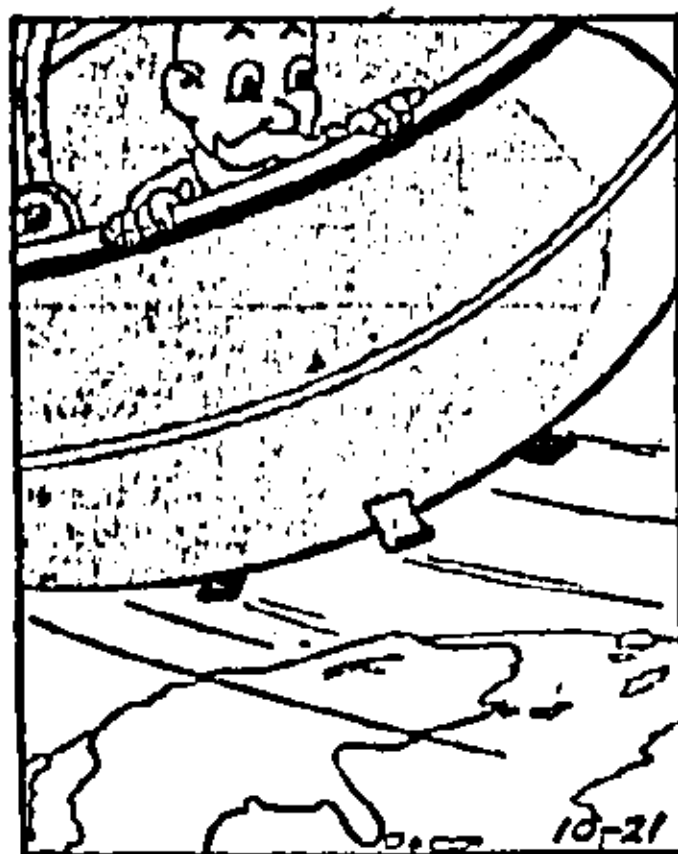
cloud had just passed in front of the sun. It looked like rain.

"And that reminds me," said Baron Munch, "of the time when I put a penny in the big black pot that hangs at the end of the rainbow."

On being begged to tell them about this adventure, Baron Munch cleared his throat and spoke as follows:

"Now, as you know, the Gnomes and Elves grew mushrooms and sold them to a certain greengrocer who always gave them a penny a basket. They had quite a number of pennies. They always put them for safekeeping in the big black pot that hangs at the end of the rainbow."

"I was very friendly with the King of the Gnomes and Queen of the Elves. I often visited them in their house deep under a hill at the end of the road."



Baron Munch, in the pot, went swinging away.

An Old Gnome

"One afternoon as I was visiting them, an old Gnome came along and took a penny out of my pocket."

"I forgot," he said, "to put this penny along with the others in the big black pot. I'm much too tired to do it now, but I'm afraid the penny will go lost if I don't."

"I spoke up, 'Don't worry,' I said to the old Gnome. 'I'll be glad to put your penny in the big black pot. But first you must tell me where I can find the end of the rainbow.'"

"That's no trouble at all," said the old Gnome. "You'll find it on the other side of the brook, behind the clump of cattails."

"With that he handed me the penny and I set out at once."

"I hurried down to the brook, crossed to the other side by stepping on the stones and there, sure enough, behind the clump of cattails, I came on the end of the rainbow."

Here Knarf interrupted to ask what the end of the rainbow looked like.

"It was beautiful," replied Baron Munch. "It looked like a big wide curving slide. At the very end was a brook and hanging from the brook was a big black iron pot."

"I took the penny and dropped it in the pot. And then I did something that I shouldn't have done. Instead of going away, I pulled myself up to the top of the big iron pot. I climbed down inside of it, for I was curious to see how many pennies the Gnomes and Elves had collected."

"Suddenly a strange thing happened. The rainbow started swinging off to another part of the world. Everyone knows that the rainbow has to be wherever

a shower is taking place while the sun is shining.

"It was too late for me to climb out. Away I went flying through the air."

"First the rainbow swung to the middle of Africa, then it swung to the middle of the ocean, then it swung to the top of a mountain, then it swung to the bottom of the valley. On and on it swung to a dozen different places all over the world."

"But what finally happened, Baron Munch?" Teddy said.

Finally Swung Back

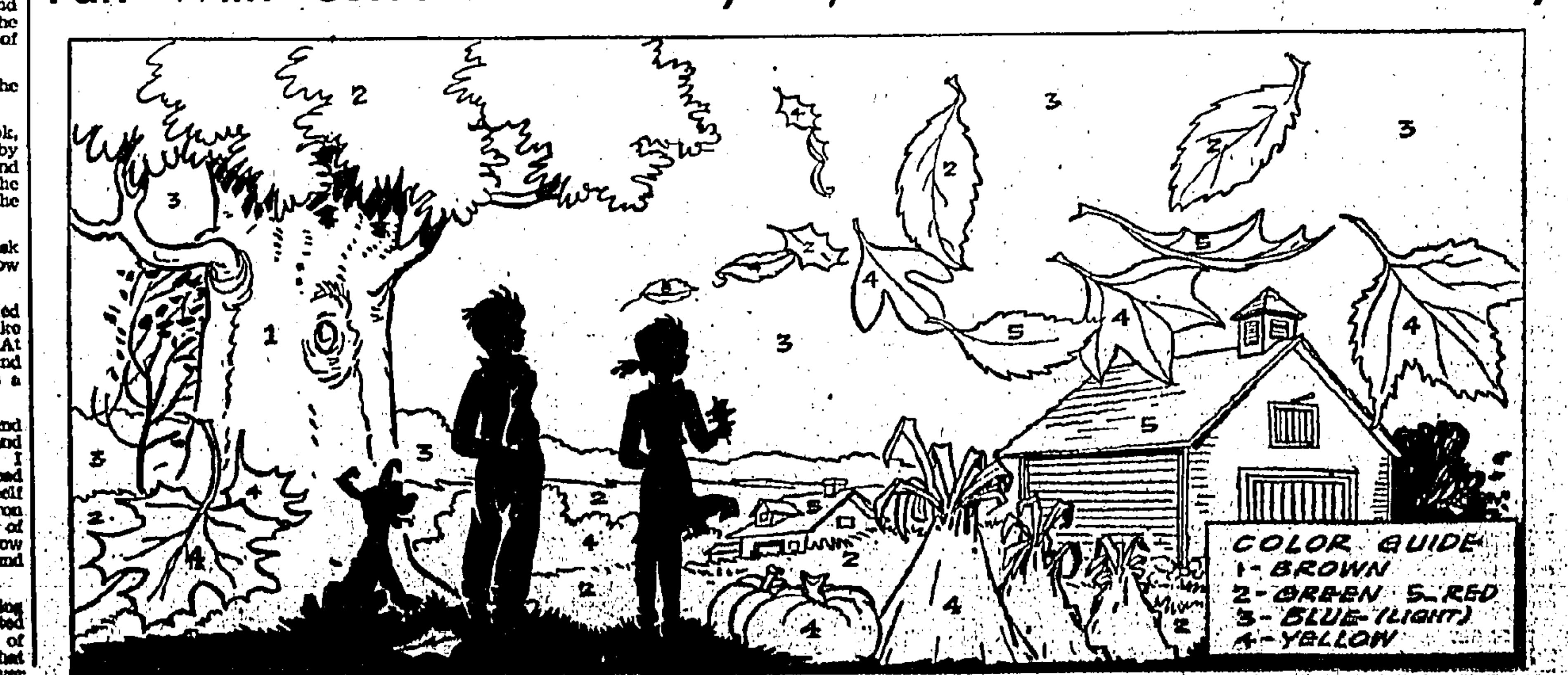
Baron Munch laughed. "It finally swung back again to the spot behind the clump of cattails on the other side of the brook."

"You can just about imagine how quickly I jumped out of that big black iron pot. I had been all around the world. I was sure I had been travelling for at least a month. Imagine my surprise to find that I had been away for not more than five minutes! It was the quickest trip around the world anyone has ever taken."

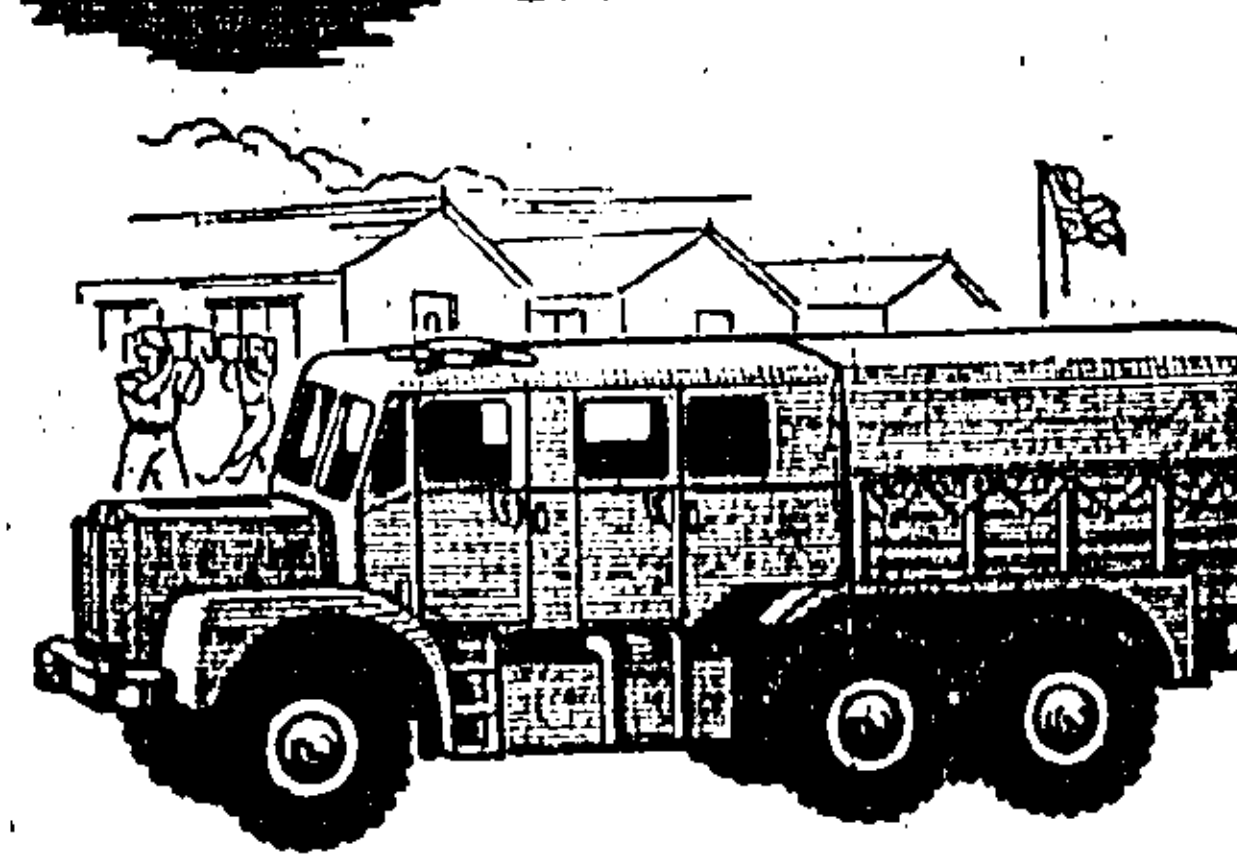
"And is that a true story?" Hiawatha asked.

Baron Munch didn't answer. He only winked and smiled.

Fun With Colours—Use Crayons, Fill Numbered Areas Evenly



New this month!



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